JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 14, 1929
TWOPENCE

# JOHN BULL

No. 1213,
Vol. XLVI

OVER A MILLION SALE

I'VE FOUND IT!
—ONE THING THAT
WASHES ALL
MY CLOTHES
WITHOUT RUBBING
OR WEAR
JUST

Persil
REGISTERED

IT seemed impossible, but now I know it is true: the millions of oxygen bubbles which Persil releases in the washing water actually remove more dirt from clothes than I can get out—even after hours of hard washboard rubbing! And the gentleness of these bubbles saves the clothes, for if there's no rubbing there cannot be wear! But they're cleaned thoroughly—and *purified*. For Persil has valuable germ-destroying powers. Do your whole washing with Persil—*everything!*

PERSIL—THE AMAZING COMPLETE OXYGEN WASHER IN 3½d. AND 6d. PACKETS

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LIMITED, WARRINGTON

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**MAKE MORE MONEY.**
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

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PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

WHOLESALE Drapery.—Remnants and Art. Silk Hosiery. List Free.—J. McLoughlin, Ltd., Dept. B., 15, George Street, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS, TRADERS, etc. 50 cigarettes with free gift of 3 razor blades for 1/10. Gillette Pattern Blades at 1/9 doz.; Send now for parties.—Temmah Works, 14, Lr. Clapton Rd., E.5. Trade inquiries invited.

## AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere for our famous Boots, Suits, Bedding, Costumes, Accordeons, etc. Easy payments. Liberal Commission, all can earn a little, many earn big money.—Write for particulars to MASTERS, LTD., RYE.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

10/6 in the £1 Cash Commission. Also Cabinet of Cutlery Free. AGENTS WANTED. XMAS CLUBS. We sell everything.—DENNIS & CO., DEPT. C., COLNE, LANCS.

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MEN WANTED calling on small shopkeepers or house to house. A new useful 3d. novelty line, sells like wildfire. Half profit. Sample free.—Coups and Co., Printers, Waterloo Terrace, Bristol.

XMAS CHOC. CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Good terms. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Write now for Art Coloured Cat., MATHER'S, Dept. J., 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

AGENTS WANTED. Xmas Clubs. Big cash Comm. No Outlay. Send at once for 76-page Art Cat. Choco., Cigs., Toys and Novelties.—H. B. Dept., Eaton & Co., 33, Lower Wortley Rd., Leeds.

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CHRISTMAS Card Agents wanted for "Mascot" series. A weekly income assured with no outlay. 60 cards and calendars free.—Thos. Hobkirk & Co., Preston.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED & PICTURE CARDS, BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES.—WRITE NOW TO STEWART'S, DPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Cash Commission. All leading makes. Chocolates and Cigarettes. Write for free coloured illustrated catalogue.—Russell & Co. (Dept. F.), Wigan.

AGENTS WANTED.—The Club you will eventually join. Highest possible commission. No outlay. All lists free. Giant Club Lists. Finest offered. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Leather Goods, Cutlery, etc. Dept. 16, Redcliffe National Club, Redcliffe Street, Bristol.

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XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Chocs., Cgs., Leading makes only. Compare our terms and save money!—Central Confectionery Co., 3, Sheepscar Grove, Leeds.

AGENTS.—Get this QUICK PROFIT LINE. Easy-to-carry Samples now ready for distribution; the sooner you start the sooner the BIG MONEY will come in. Write for "Imperial Art" Series of Private Greeting Cards, issued FREE and Post Paid.—Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 108, Lancaster.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. — Largest Manufacturers require Agents. FREE Sample Book. DELIGHTFUL NOVELTIES; Calendars, New Feature Cut-out Velour Designs. Sensational Calendar Novelty on Wooden Stands. Detachable SPRAYS OF FLOWERS. Notepapers, Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; GREETING CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. Most extraordinary book every published. ENORMOUS PROFITS. Prizes for all.—ALL-BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARD CO. (Dept. 168), BLACKBURN.

AGENTS Required for the choicest Chocolate Club in the country. Best Makes. Best Commission. Best Service. No Worry. Details free.—Harehills Confectionery Co., 18, Clifton Mount, Leeds.

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10/- AND 6/8 in the £ commission (nothing less). Agents wanted, Chocolate Club.—Particulars, Free.—R. C. Hopkinson, Ltd., 30, Bath Road, Leeds.

XMAS Club Agents, Chocolates, Cigarettes. Best makes only. Big cash comm. Valuable gifts to agents. Catalogues, etc., free.—Rocks (Dept. B), 119, Holderness Road, Hull.

AGENTS WANTED for the Famous CARLTON SERIES of British-made Christmas Cards, Calendars & Novelties. SAMPLE BOOK FREE. WONDERFUL COMMISSION and PRIZES.—Apply, TREBLE, 151, Cheapside, Preston.

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; cash and credit; any man in regular work can apply; good commission; liberal supply samples; splendid catalogue; no outlay whatever.—Dept. J., Bessant, Bright Street, Leicester.

ALL-BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARDS. Agents wanted for the entirely British-made "CASTLE" Series. The Most Profitable Agency offered. WONDERFUL PRIZE SCHEME.—Write now for FREE SAMPLE BOOK and particulars of the Money-making Agency to CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, ANCHOR COURT, PRESTON.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Crcteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

### BARGAIN SALES.

The EXCHANGE & MART pulled 2,000 small advertisements last week. Why? Because you can sell anything through it quickly and profitably. 2d. every Thursday. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 92, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING Wool Bundles 5/6 for 1½ lb., for Socks, etc. White Yarn 3/4 lb. Grey, etc., 2/10, post free. Pat'n. of Wool Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B.W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 3½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

The BUSY HOUSEWIFE'S BEST FRIEND!
DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF —9/-
The HACKNEY "All-in-One" KITCHENETTE
The ideal dresser for the well-organised modern Kitchen affording spacious accommodation for cooking accessories of every kind, besides providing ample storage for foodstuffs. Handsomely made of Prime Oak—finished either in Rich Dark Jacobean or Light Oak.
The Kitchenette is 6 ft. 3 in. high, 3 ft. 6 in. wide and 22 in. deep, mounted on strong castors.
Special features include extending table top, in snow-white porcelain, giving a clear working space of 41 in. by 22 in. Special food chart showing 137 articles in everyday use, 30 glass jars with Aluminium airtight caps. Large baize lined cutlery drawers, metal mouse-proof drawer with sliding lid for bread, etc., galvanised lined cupboard for pots and pans, wood chopping board, sliding shelf, racks for tradesmen's books change, etc. Drawers for icing mate-
rials, lard, butter, etc., also egg rack and egg timer, etc., etc.
All outside fittings are untarnishable.
NETT CASH PRICE £14
or delivered free upon receipt of 9/- and a balance of 36 monthly payments of 9/- each.
Send for Catalogue, sent Post Free upon application, to Head Office (Dept. J.B. 17).
Orders by Post Receive Careful and Prompt Attention.
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Telephone: Clissold 3030-3032 LONDON, E.8. Telegrams: "Furniments," London.
BRANCHES AT:—SYDENHAM, YORK, HULL, LIVERPOOL, SCARBOROUGH, SOUTHAMPTON, LEEDS, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, BRADFORD, LEICESTER.
Showrooms Open Daily till 7 p.m., Sats. 8 p.m. Close Thurs. 1 p.m.

EARN £3—£6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.B.), 69, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

WANTED for Overseas, capable, domesticated women. Free and assisted passages. Church Army has excellent welfare arrangements in all our dominions.—Write or call, Overseas Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

15/- in £ Profit. Thousands earning by buying Silk Stockings to sell to friends, etc. Send for Cat. Shade Cards issued. Nicksons, Makers, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6. Copyright.

DRIVERS, MOTOR, unmarried, required; age limits on enlistment 18-30 years.—Write or call; Royal Air Force Recruiting Depot, Gwydyr House, Whitehall, S.W.1.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES. SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE? Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 5/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

VERY Special Wool Sale. Astrachan Wool, usual 8½d. oz., at 1d. oz. Cable and 6-ply Rug Wool fr. 1/6 lb. Knitting and Rug samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Quality Warehouse, 100, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Pixie" Razor Blades. 1/- per dozen. Only want trying. Agents wanted.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS.—Great clearance of 1929 designs at reduced prices. Write for mammoth pattern book post free.—BLAKEY, MORRIS & CO. (LONDON), LTD., DEPT. J., 32, LONDON ROAD, SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

FURNITURE.—Three rooms nicely furnished for 35 guineas. Bedroom Suite, including Polished Walnut Dressing Chest of Drawers with Large Swinging Mirror, Marble-top Washstand, Full-size Massive Black and Brass Bedstead with Spring Mattress and all new Bedding complete. Heavy Black and Brass Fender and Brasses. Strong Parlour Suite in Leather, comprising Well-Sprung Couch, 2 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs. Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match. Axminster Rug and Pretty Carpet 3 yards long. Curtains, Pictures. Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Lino, Rugs. Oxidised Curb, etc. The lot complete, accept 35 Guineas. Great Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and sent any distance. Home Furnishing Stores, 21 and 21a, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY
BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.
NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

WOOLS. GREAT BARGAIN SALE. 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug, 6½d. lb. 1/6½d. Rug Guide, 600 ages, free.—Scotch Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SEE PEACH'S Summer Clearance Folder and Regular Catalogue. Curtains, Nets, Casements, Bedspreads, Cretonnes, Linens, Great Bargains.—PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Lounge, NOTTINGHAM.

FREE illus. Catalogue and free patterns are offered in the BERKELEY CHAIR agcy. on page 23. Simply fill in the free coupon.

FREE particulars and patterns of the "STAY-THE-NIGHT" BED SETTEE will be sent by the makers, Bed Setters, Ltd., 12-14, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1. The setee appeared in last week's issue.

FREE catalogues are offered by different GRAMOPHONE firms in this issue. See pages 29, 31 and 34.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "Gramophone" advt. that appears on page 16.

### DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/-, 75 Guaranteed garments. (No tapes, pins, or useless pieces.) Most durable and sensible long-made Gowns, Flannels, large Napkins, Wool Coats, Shawls, Vests, etc. All customers delighted. 1,000 genuine testimonials. Purchased from a mother, 15 years' experience. Call or send 2/- for parcel on approv. Cash or terms. Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/- Home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chr.'s Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes: "You could not buy them here for £5. never mind 30/-." Similar letters daily. Post 21/- now for this guaranteed unequalled bargain on approval. Cash or instalments.—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

SKIRTS, 10/- post free. Smart skirt, French Pleated all round, in good wool rupp on strong yoke, elastic waist in new Autumn shades of Nigger, Grey, Beige, Cedar, Navy and Black. Lengths, 24 in., 26 in., 28 in., 30 in. Outsize 2/6 extra.—H. Foster, Manufacturer, 91-135, Moorgate, E.C.2.

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GRAMOPHONES, 22/6; motors, 8/6; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regenbal, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer, 138, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors. Latest Internal Horns, etc. Lists free. Building Instructions, 3d. BURT'S, 185, High St., Deptford, London.

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TEA.—Buy Direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 15/-. No. 1. dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

### LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

BIG PROFITS MADE by following Will Hooley, the world's greatest expert, in the "POULTRY WORLD." Free advice on all poultry subjects, 2d. to-morrow. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

ALL ABOUT AQUARIA!—Full details of this fascinating hobby in to-morrow's "CAGE BIRDS." 2d. all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

### MEDICAL. CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Regent Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Bottle etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool.

REVITALISE YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM with Crestones, the twentieth century wonder tablets. Make life worth living.—Crestones (1/3; popular size, 3/-, obtainable only Stamina, Ltd., 39, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

EVERYBODY SHOULD at times take a glass of BOLS VERY OLD GENEVA (in the Stone Bottle). It not only tones you up in general spirits, but also keeps the system regular for either sex.

SEND a p.c. for free sample of FELCO-MINT. Advt. appears on page 24.

A FREE Sample of BISURATED MAGNESIA for Indigestion is offered on page 29.—Apply Dept. A/80.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d.—Douglas Dekwin, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Rd., Victoria St., S.E.1.

### WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 533, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds and false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

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GOOD used tyres from £1 each. C.O.D. approval. New Tyres for whly. payments. Large stock all size, London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

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FREE TRIAL SAMPLES of GIBBS SHAVING SOAP & CREAM. Send 3d. in stamps to Dept. V105, D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., London, E.1.

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Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Deposit on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all

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GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

*Trims as it Combs.*

**1/-** Post 3d.

Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.

Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it

**FREE** An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

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*(Trade enquiries invited)*

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SPECIAL CLEARANCE OF FLOOR COVERING

**72 SQ. FT. 15/-**

SAMPLES FREE.

DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
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## IMPERIAL BABY CARS

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SNAP THIS CHANCE **2/- A WEEK**

## FACTORY BARGAINS

All complete
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Beautifully made and finished.
SENT ON APPROVAL.
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REAL honest value, Temmah cigarettes are made of the finest matured tobacco, and will satisfy the most fastidious smoker. Try a box of 50. Send 1/10 and by return you will receive your 50 freshly made Temmah cigarettes with a Free Gift of three celebrated Razor Blades which will give you many good shaves. (Trade enquiries invited).

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"It Stops Itself!"

CALL, 'PHONE OR WRITE
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TOTTENHAM—361, High Rd. HULL—Monument Bridge.
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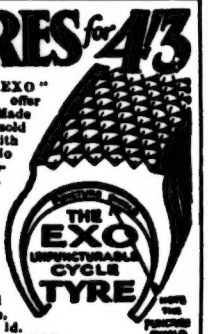


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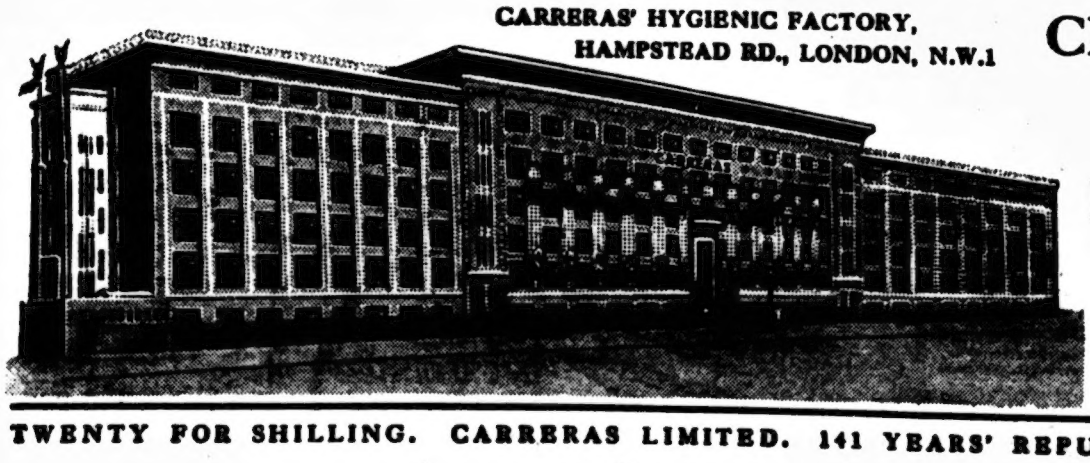

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*"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"*

# Policewomen Spies—Italy Tries on a Coal Wriggle

THERE have been several sensations at Scotland Yard recently, one of which is very serious.

It concerns a police-sergeant, with many years' service, who was believed to be accepting bribes from bookmakers. Special officers were secretly detailed to shadow him, and he was caught red-handed. Following an enquiry at Scotland Yard, he was dismissed the service a few days ago.

• • •

There is indignation, by the way, among police officers concerning some of the tactics said to be employed in the latest enquiries into alleged police wrongdoing.

The complaint is that policewomen in plain clothes frequent public-houses and other places for the purpose of spying on their male colleagues.

The inexperience of such women in crime detection is considered to be a grave danger. Information as to wanted criminals' habits is more often gain not obtained in public-houses or similar haunts by detectives. Occasionally, for example, it suits the detective's purpose to pretend to be the worse for drink.

If a woman spy happens to be present, that might mean a black mark against the officer.

## The Pasha's problem

Sir Percy Loraine has arrived in Cairo, presented his credentials as British High Commissioner in Egypt, and conversed amiably with Mohamed Mahmud Pasha, the Egyptian Premier. The latter gentleman, however, had not much to tell him. He is in a terrible fix.

A "freely elected" Egyptian Parliament must be convened to accept or reject Mr. Henderson's Treaty proposals. But free elections in Egypt are so difficult.

If Mahmud leaves things alone, the extremists will terrorise every other party at the polls and elect a violently anti-British Parliament.

If he prevents this procedure, a howl will go up that he is using armed forces to ensure his own return to power.

What's a poor Pasha to do?

## Taking the cream off

An attempt to take some of the value out of the guaranteed purchase of 200,000 tons of coal from Great Britain is now being made by the Italian Government.

It is trying to insert a clause in the contracts that the coal must be sent in Italian ships, thus preventing British shipping from obtaining the benefit expected.

British colliery-owners are protesting against this clause. We hope the protest will have Government support.

## Pigs on the green

All the world knows in a vague way that the Wailing Wall was the general cause of the trouble in Palestine.

But there has been a strange silence as to the root-origin of the outbreak. This was that some incredibly stupid official bungler gave the permission of the British authorities to a number of Jews to hold a demonstration at the wall on the day of a Moslem harvest festival—a most solemn religious occasion.

## Asking for the Whip

### Spoof Tea Famine

This was infinitely worse, if one can find a parallel at all, than for the Dublin police to permit a party of veteran Orangemen to hold a meeting, with banners, outside the Pro-Cathedral, while Sinn Feiners were having a special service on St. Patrick's Day.

The fool responsible, who did not ask for trouble, but got down on his knees and begged for it, must be sent as far away from Palestine as modern means of transport can take him.

## He wants to be good

One of the first internal disciplinary duties that the Government will have to perform when Parliament meets is to decide whether the official Government Whip is to be issued to Mr. Neil MacLean, the Member for Govan.

*Let him have some Whips*

Mr. MacLean, who had previously been an official Labour Member, did not have the official endorsement of the Party at the last election, and consequently he ran as an unofficial Labour candidate.

He now wants to regularise himself and become an "official" Labour M.P. again—but up to the present it does not seem clear whether he will be allowed to do so.

## The lost leaders

The rank and file of the Conservative Party are beginning to wonder what has become of the lost leaders. Mr. Snowden has jibed at the "spineless diplomacy" of recent years, and not even "Jix" has interrupted his holiday to make a reply.

As for Sir Austen Chamberlain, who has spent years trying to make his spine look as stiff as a poker, he has performed the disappearing trick so successfully that it would require Scotland Yard's assistance to find him.

It is a new experience in British politics to have an Opposition that falls clean out of the picture, even during the political close season.

## Watch for it

We commend present activities in Mincing Lane to the attention of the President of the Board of Trade and the Food Council.

Mr. Churchill abolished the tea duty in his last Budget. Now brokers and merchants are murmuring that tea is being over-produced. They are clamouring for restrictions on the bigger producers.

The same murmurings were heard in 1923 when Mr. Snowden reduced the tea duty by fourpence. A conspiracy to restrict supplies entered into in 1920 became operative. The Indian crop, normally 340,000,000 lb., fell to 280,000,000 lb.

Retail prices rose by fourpence and in some grades by sixpence per lb. Thus the tea companies netted the whole of the remission in the duty—and then some!

Again they are talking of manufacturing a scarcity, although tea sales rose by over 2,000,000 lb. in 1928, and must have been stimulated further by Mr. Churchill's concession.

This manufacturing of scarcity to create prosperity for rich shareholders at the public's expense must stop—now!

## Looking for trouble

Every official move in connection with the betting-tax campaign was forecast correctly in John Bull. Even the biggest bookmakers knew less than we did.

We now turn to the racecourse bookmakers and warn them, despite their recent victory at Bath, that the new plans of the authorities at several big meetings, where the pool system of betting will be in operation, provide for "places" for them only behind the stands.

An official announcement on the subject should be made at an early date, failing which a representative section of bookmakers should be called into consultation to prevent any bad feeling.

## Fine cotton: fine spirit

One of the Lancashire groups—the Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association—has set a good example to the rest of the industry by taking steps to prevent their lower-paid employees from being affected by the cut in wages.

Grants are being made in order to maintain the wages of piecers, card tenters, and labourers earning not more than £1 18s. a week at the former level.

We hope all other cotton concerns will do the same. A cut of 12½ per cent. in his wages is a serious thing to a man with under £2 a week.

## And winter is coming

While the cost of living is steadily rising, wages are going down in all the main industries. Wage-cuts in mines, railways and the cotton industry are to be followed in the woollen trade, where the employers are now demanding a 10 per cent. reduction.

They could have had a 7½ per cent. conditional cut at one stage of the trouble, but insisted on their full pound of flesh.

With millions of pounds less in circulation, other industries must also become depressed.

Most of the employers concerned belong to the school which holds that there must always be a large floating population of unemployed to keep wages down to an "economic" level.

And their idea of that is always something less than a living wage.

## A mining dust-up

The Bill to nationalise coal-mining royalties, which will definitely be introduced by the Government during the coming session, is a likely source of trouble for Mr. MacDonald.

There is little doubt, however, that the Bill will go through, after a bitter fight over the amount of compensation to be paid.

It is equally certain that the consumer is not likely to receive any benefit.

The cost of compensating the present royalty-owners will involve a heavy annual payment of interest, and the benefits that will ultimately accrue will be used largely towards ameliorating the conditions of the miner's life.

## Lean times

All is not well with lawyers nowadays. Recently several hundred K.C.s and barristers applied for a vacant county court judgeship at the bread-and-butter salary—for a lawyer—of £1,500 a year.

*Knows how to ginger up*

A source of growing complaint is the way solicitors run after a few fashionable K.C.s, of whom some are occasionally briefed for three and four cases on the same day.

There is no doubt plenty of room for a thorough-going reform of legal methods, but it is no use leaving it to the lawyers themselves.

Lord Lee of Fareham, who knows how to ginger up a Royal Commission, is the type of chairman to show the way to cheaper Law Courts.

## The all-red route

The air agreement recently concluded between Great Britain and France has led to important developments in the Far East, where plans are preparing for linking-up French air services in Indo-China and elsewhere with the proposed British network of airways in India, Burma and the Straits Settlements.

Arrangements of this kind are likely to prove mutually beneficial to both countries. But a question of a totally different character is raised by the proposal that the Rangoon-Calcutta line be operated by a French company.

There is no apparent reason why foreign 'planes should be allowed to form such a vital link in the great England-Australia air route.

We hope the Air Board will see to it.

# IF YOU SEE IT—(*Continued*)

*What about the sailor, Sir Charles?*

## *Throw out this line!*

The Load Line Committee, over which Sir Charles Sanders presided, has reported, and, as we expected, it has gone as far as it dared in reducing the present margin of safety.

The committee suggests that where timber is carried as a deck cargo ships should be allowed to load deeper than at present, and also that oil-tankers should in future have a smaller freeboard.

It is strange that whenever a committee is appointed to deal with the Plimsoll line it always proposes to make concessions to the shipowners.

As the lives of British seamen are more important than dividends, it is to be hoped that Parliament will go into the question thoroughly before it accepts these latest proposals for heavier cargoes.

## *Greycing Totes*

A silent campaign is in progress to induce the administrators of the London greyhound tracks to seek facilities for the installation of totalisators.

It has little chance of success.

Since the clean-up following the JOHN BULL exposures last year of crooked racing, the sport has enjoyed prosperity, and we compliment the directors concerned upon their quick and successful action to put their house in order.

The Tote would lead to more trouble, owing to the very short intervals between the races. Let well alone.

## *Listen to the music*

The resolutions of the Trade Union Congress protesting against Army bands fulfilling engagements which could be carried out by civilians will not cut much ice.

The assertion that Army bandsmen receive 40 per cent. less than civilians ignores the free board, lodging, uniforms, and instruments of the soldiers; and regimental bands are more popular with the public, for the simple reason that their playing is generally superior to any, except possibly that of a few amateur prize bands.

Bournemouth is disbanding its municipal "military" band because Army bands costing £25 a week more are better appreciated. The public pays the piper, any way, and must be allowed to call the tune.

## *The evening scramble*

In London it is nothing less than a free fight to board a homeward 'bus during the rush-hours.

Agile young people run to meet the 'bus, grip the hand-rails and tear along beside it to the official stopping-place.

Elderly women and disabled men stand no chance at all, frequently having to wait three-quarters of an hour before they can board a vehicle without being crushed and stamped on.

It is disgraceful that queues are not formed at certain stages. Although well over 200 separate services run across London, the number of properly organised queues is startlingly inadequate.

Admittedly some queues would be difficult because a number of services may stop at one point; but there are several of the very busiest spots where something could easily be done.

## *He said it*

The Medical Officer for Hackney has issued a report which presents the Property Owners' Association in no favourable light.

After telling the story of his struggle to have certain working-class premises put into a proper state of repair, he reports that the association "did not endeavour to have these premises put into a satisfactory condition at any time."

The association pleaded that the Rent Restriction Act prevented them from removing "dirty tenants," to which the medical officer replied:

"There can be no doubt that the removal of the Rent Restriction Act must be, from the point of view adopted by the association in this case, highly desirable, so that tenants who raise the slightest objection to the state of their premises can be given notice to quit."

Our congratulations to the medical officer for standing up to such a powerful body.

## *Just tragic*

Mr. Noel Buxton, Minister for Agriculture, must put an end to the shameful scandal revealed in the report on the working of the Small Holdings Act of 1926, just issued by his Department.

*Put an end to it*

Since the Act came into force about 20,000 men have applied for land, but less than 4,000 have been successful. County councils have power to finance equipment, but the Ministry says that such advances are never made.

The report also points out that the smallholder manages to pay his way in bad years while the larger farmer is compelled to carry on at a loss.

It is sheer insanity to keep thousands of men in enforced idleness when they are willing, anxious and able to earn a comfortable living for themselves on the land.

## *Patching hearts*

When Parliament meets again another effort will be made by Mr. Harry Snell, M.P., to get a Bill through for the setting up of Courts of Domestic Relations.

The idea is to remove from the unsympathetic atmosphere of the police-courts cases involving differences between husband and wife.

About 30,000 of these cases are dealt with every year in the police-courts, and some London magistrates are almost overwhelmed.

Mr. Snell has already made one unsuccessful attempt to push such a Bill through the House of Commons. Since then he has investigated the working of domestic courts in the United States, and he is now more than ever convinced that they are necessary here.

## *Death day by day*

The terrible death-toll of our slums was strikingly instanced by figures given by Mr. Ben Tillett at the National Labour Housing Association's Conference at Belfast.

In better-class districts the average of life is sixty-five years, he said, while in the slums it is only twenty-five. In middle and lower class districts it fluctuates between fifty-five and thirty-five years.

These figures are all the more poignant when it is remembered that three million human beings are living in slum areas.

No catastrophe on record has ever claimed so many victims as the tragedy of the housing conditions of our poor.

## *Slump in cells*

Plymouth Prison is at present patronised by only about forty of His Majesty's guests, while at Exeter, where there is accommodation for 262, there are only eighty-five. It is therefore proposed to close the Plymouth establishment and transfer its boarders to Exeter.

It might be thought that this would give satisfaction to the good people of Plymouth; but not a bit of it.

They are up in arms against the proposal, not because they are proud of their prison, but because the removal would mean a journey of forty miles or so for friends on visiting days.

It should not be forgotten that withdrawal from social intercourse is part of the penalty of crime.

## *Have you any?*

Our recent exposure of the traffic in "forged jewellery" has aroused lively interest in the jewellery trade.

Much discussion has centred round the composition of "white gold." The National Jewellers' Association is, however, anxious to make known that legitimate white gold contains as much pure gold as any other gold alloy used in the jewellery trade—9 carat, 18 carat or more, as the case may be.

To determine the genuineness of an article made of white or coloured gold, the public need only look for the usual hallmark.

## *Slaves of the chain*

We have repeatedly exposed the evil of chain letters. But they still continue to be tolerated in this country, although forbidden in many others.

One of the most reprehensible stunts of the kind is the so-called "Flanders Chain of Good Luck."

Its latest victim is Ernest Victor Buckwell, who was found lying exhausted on the Downs, near Rottingdean, with a matchbox on which he had written, "I broke the Flanders Field chain of luck and this is my punishment."

The sooner this foolish and dangerous business is stopped by law the better.

## *Six years for sixpence*

A ten-year-old boy, charged at the Children's Court, Wellingborough, for stealing sixpence, was ordered to be detained at Stanhope School, Ashford, until the age of sixteen.

A probation order against the boy was refused.

The severity of this sentence is appalling. That is not the way to instil justice into the minds of children.

## *Duty begins at home*

The Society for the Promotion of Duty and Discipline, of 27, Chancery Lane, W.C., enjoys the high patronage of the Duke of York.

Yet the society does not see fit to make its reports and accounts available to its subscribers—not even to a crippled subscriber who is unable to walk and attend its meetings.

We recommend for its attention the old French adage, "Noblesse oblige."

## *A flickering sun-ray*

In spite of the fact that we exposed the useless training given by the Graymont Sun-ray School, of Westminster Bridge Road, London, in May last, its advertisements are still appearing.

It is gratifying to learn from several readers that our exposure saved them from wasting precious money on a training which would never get them a job, let alone build up a career, as Mr. Bayley, the owner of the school, maintained it would.

## *Aftermath*

For three years Mr. A. A. Woods, of Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, was in charge of the demolition of the great poison-gas factory at that place.

The work was highly dangerous, since the ground, buildings and plant were impregnated with the deadly arsenic gases produced there during the war. His superiors took care to avoid the place, and for practically sole control of this work Woods was paid the magnificent sum of £4 a week.

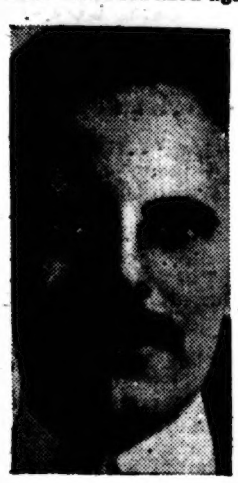
His health gradually broke down, and he is now a semi-cripple in receipt of 10s. a week from the National Health Insurance.

He is ineligible to claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and for his three years' work and broken body a grateful country has given him £25.

Could departmental meanness go farther?

## *Civil Service tyrants*

The Post Office Savings Bank has always had a bad reputation for its working conditions. Years ago the male staff rebelled against organisation by tyranny, and for their trouble most of them were transferred to more comfortable positions in other departments, while their work was handed over to women.



*Sir G. E. P. Murray, the P.O.'s Permanent Secretary. Here's a job for him*

Now the women are on the verge of mutiny. The supervisors keep the staff under observation as if they were so many convicts. Any occasional conversation is prohibited, and the girl clerks may not rise from their seats without being asked where they are going.

Mr. Lees Smith, the Postmaster-General, has doubtlessly discovered that he is surrounded by a very powerful official ring, but if he breaks through this cordon he can change the whole atmosphere of the Savings Bank Department.

## *Sucking the orange*

The invasion of moneylenders from Newcastle-on-Tyne and Sunderland to Northern Ireland seems to have slackened off. The invaders are not finding things easy in Belfast.

One at least of their number has thought it best to sell out and return to his former hunting-grounds, and several of the others are getting themselves into hot water.

When the Ulster Parliament reassembles efforts are to be made once again to introduce a Bill on similar lines to the English Moneylenders' Act.

A powerful argument is that so great an Ulsterman as Lord Carson sponsored the English Bill: and if it is good enough for England it is good enough for Ulster.

## *Thirty years after*

It will be good news to 55,000 employees of the London County Council to learn that, after thirty years' agitation, the council is now considering the provision of a sports ground.

At present the various clubs of the L.C.C.—which incidentally controls all the most important open spaces in London—have only a very meagre ground at Shepherd's Bush.

But plans are now afoot for converting a portion of their Mordenestate into an extensive playing-field.

## *Accidental accents*

It is very apparent that many of the decisions of the B.B.C.'s Committee on Pronunciation are ill-advised.

But the gravest objection is that, be its rulings good or bad, they are likely to have a very real and lasting effect on the English language.

If it is indeed desirable at this stage to stabilise and standardise our language, that task should not be entrusted to the B.B.C. The Board of Education is clearly the proper authority for such a matter.

# Distinguished Admiral on NAVAL CUTS

## "Let America build vast numbers of cruisers"

*Admiral Sir Frederic Brock is one of the most famous of our naval commanders who have retired. In the war he commanded the Gibraltar station, and later was Admiral Commanding in the Orkneys and Shetlands, a post of vital importance*

NO one need have any doubt as to what is America's motive in the present Naval discussions. She wants a Navy equal to our own, so that, in the event of another war in which she is not a participant, she will be able to enforce her desire to trade with any belligerent country she chooses.

In the last war she was not able to do this. The British Navy was all-powerful. It seized supplies going to enemy countries in neutral ships. In the case of some American cargoes, Britain eased friction by repurchase, thus giving America a double profit, which, I believe, was never refused on the grounds of principle.

But, apart from this, the British Navy certainly prevented the United States from making a much larger profit than she did as a neutral trader.

America does not intend this to happen again.

As the foremost country in the world, made incredibly rich by the war and even richer by its consequences, she can, of course, build a Navy to whatever size she pleases.

There is no one to deny her the right—least of all Great Britain. She has only to obtain the sanction of her own people and she can become the leading Naval Power of the world within a few years.

But it seems that there is little chance of this sanction forthcoming. Public opinion in America is for peace and prosperity, and it openly favours an agreement, and not competition, with Great Britain. It is in the quest of some common formula that would lead to parity that American and British statesmen are now engaged.

### "Parity" is nonsense

PARITY is a loose word when applied to Naval matters. How can it function? Anyone with even a small claim to frankness knows that parity can never be achieved in tonnage and guns. You might just as well talk about parity in skill and experience.

There is a possibility that parity *might* be achieved by restricting building in certain classes of warships; but the moment this question is touched upon, the problem arises as to needs, which, after all, govern a nation's safety.

Great Britain, for example, needs a host of cruisers to protect her long and vital trade routes, any interference with which would starve her in a very short time.

America wants cruisers also, but larger cruisers. She is a self-supporting continent, and her needs differ from Britain's. She wants large cruisers to protect her trade.

Why large cruisers? Because she has no overseas bases. Her cruisers must have a longer sea endurance because, she maintains, she has no places where she can refuel.

This is all very well (if you accept the explanation, and I don't); but one of these large cruisers loose on British trade routes could sink all our small cruisers without being marked by a shell.

When there was a rumour at Gibraltar in the last war that one of Germany's battle-cruisers was to make a dash to sea, all our cruisers in the vicinity were compelled to abandon the trade routes they were defending and move south. Had they met the German battle-cruiser it would have been a case of a grey-hound among rabbits.

America does not intend arming her large cruisers with a gun-power equal to that of our small cruisers mounting 6-in. guns. She intends them to carry 8-in. guns. But gun-power and endurance are factors which stand in opposition to each other—what goes into the one comes out of the other, to a large degree.

It seems, therefore, a trifle ludicrous that if they want great tonnage in order to provide great endurance, they should mount guns which, by the weight they absorb, tend to decrease that endurance.

A reason for this larger gun-power has been advanced by some American authorities. They claim that it is necessary to deal with armed merchantmen.

What guns do armed merchantmen carry? In the late war it was 6-in., except in the case of the *Wolf*, which carried 7.6-in. Whether it is practicable to arm a large number of merchantmen with heavier guns is a matter of doubt. It would take a long time, because the ships would need considerable strengthening.

But, in any case, must the man-o'-war have such an armament? Has she not other advantages over an armed merchantman? Surely any cruiser with armament inferior to that of the *Wolf* could have engaged the latter and sunk her.

There seems to be little hope of either Britain or America achieving parity, even in cruisers, on the present lines of discussion.

Battleships, of course, are easier to come to an agreement upon, because their functions are limited and more or less the same the whole world over.

I think parity will be achieved in battleship building; and from every point of view, especially economy, that will be a very good thing for us.

### Submarines will stay

IN regard to submarines, some time ago Britain made the proposal that this class of war vessel should be abolished. But once again the matter of national needs arose. France refused to accept the proposal.

As a weaker Naval Power—she has not even the *personnel* to support any nautical pretensions—France wanted submarines. She wanted them for self-defence, and there the subject of scrapping ended.

We can, then, more or less confine all talk of general parity to the question of cruisers, and it is as well to admit that we cannot force on any other nation a balance of classes which is advantageous to us and disadvantageous to them.

A fleet is like a ship. It has a function. And for each nation the function differs from that of other nations, and it also changes as the international situation changes.

To carry out its functions a fleet requires, as does also a ship, a certain balance in its component parts—that is to say, in the classes of ships of which it is made up—a balance which varies with the functions the fleet is destined to carry out.

Our problem is to find how these can be arbitrarily made equal for different nations without affecting the efficiency of the fleet.

### My own solution

MY own view is that the solution of the cruiser question is to be found, firstly, in limiting tonnage to an agreed total, which is, I believe, the view generally held; and, secondly, in leaving practical and common-sense Naval opinion in each country to find the balance between the different types of cruiser it builds and to decide which, if any, shall have 8-in. guns and which 6-in.

Some time ago at Geneva the statesmen wandered into a barren wilderness in an endeavour to limit warlike efficiency.

The intention of that meeting was surely to achieve economy—which we all want—with the additional hope that any limitation might lead to further progressive economies in the future, and so eventually to a more peaceful atmosphere all round.

I believe that this economy can only be achieved by agreeing either to a total tonnage for the whole Navy or to a total tonnage for the various classes in the Navy. In either or both cases the details as to what they want to build must be left to the countries concerned.

If France wants to build submarines, let her get on with it. I doubt if she will want to. Let America build vast numbers of control cruisers, and expend her tonnage in that way.

There is not the slightest doubt that the nation with the best balanced fleet will have the material advantage in war.

As regards America and ourselves, we have endeavoured to dissuade her from building what we consider to be a very large number of 10,000-ton cruisers with 8-in. guns, because we feel that we should have to devote too large a proportion of our tonnage to this type as a consequence, and be left without enough tonnage for smaller ships.

At the time of writing she seems favourably disposed to consider our point of view; but the whole question bristles with difficulties. She is open to build according to her needs, and let us do the same, if the necessity arises.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

# OPEN *those* RADIUM SAFES!

## *Tirpitz Finds Out at Last—Lordling's Little Voice*
## *Duchess Champions "Skivvies"*

**GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ,**
***Von der Heydt Strasse, Berlin***

SIR,—You have come suddenly to the conclusion that the bonds of culture between England and Germany are very close and valuable.

You are anxious, therefore, according to a prominent Berlin newspaper, to foster better relations between this country and your own.

The three Germanic races—Germany, England and America—should work together in harmony, you say, for their mutual benefit.

I am glad you have found that out at last. How different things might have been if you had perceived it, say, a score of years ago! JOHN BULL.

**Lord BALNIEL, M.P.,**
***1, Bryanston Place, W.***

DEAR YOUNG DIEHARD,—Amid the thunder of applause called forth by Mr. Snowden's fine stand at The Hague, my trained ear has detected the thin treble of your dissenting voice.

It is possible, as you allege, that Mr. Snowden's lack of international courtesy and ignorance of diplomatic tactics have fostered Anglophobia abroad. But I don't think so, and I don't think anyone else does either.

You remind me very strongly of that Biblical creature who brayed never so fruitlessly into the unheeding desert.
JOHN BULL.

**Mr. W. B. LUKE, J.P.,**
***Willesden Police Court***

SIR,—As a magistrate, you enjoy peculiar and far-reaching powers over all persons unfortunate enough to come within your jurisdiction, be they concerned ever so remotely and innocently with offences against the law.

But because of the very greatness of your authority, it behoves you to use it with wisdom and restraint. We do not want our Benches Prussianised.

In threatening to bring an innocent man to court under arrest and to force him to prosecute another who had stolen his car, you are treading on dangerous ground, whatever may be your legal precedent. JOHN BULL.

**Private THOMAS ATKINS,**
***British Army of Occupation, Wiesbaden***

DEAR TOMMY,—When you marched into the Rhineland years ago, with fife and drum, they greeted you there with sullen faces and looks of hate.

They disliked you as much, I suppose, as you disliked your job of bailiff.

But, curiously enough, ill-feeling rapidly melted away before your cheery ways and winning smile.

And now that you are about to march away again, the Germans themselves are singing the praise of your smartness, your good conduct and your courtesy. Surely that is praise indeed.

The other day your G.O.C. told you that he was proud of you. That is exactly how I feel about you, too.
JOHN BULL.

**Mr. WILLIAM F. KENNY,**
***Paris***

DEAR WILLIE,—I hear sad stories of your doings in Paris. I mean about your fruitless search for a barber capable of cutting your hair properly.

You have now telephoned your New York haircutter to meet you in London with his shears as soon as he can. "Every time I take off my hat I feel indecent," you told him.

But I doubt whether a mere haircut will make a decent man of you. Your real trouble is that you have far more money than sense.
JOHN BULL.

**The DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P.,**
***98, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.***

DEAR DUCHESS,—Congratulations on your championship of the modern servant-girl.

The outcry against the "presuming skivvy" who aspires to a few hours off in the evening, better treatment from her employers and nicer things to wear sounds just a little hollow.

A little more human understanding from their employers, better accommodation, facilities for recreation and shorter hours of work would brighten the dull lives of many thousands of household drudges in these isles.
JOHN BULL.

**Miss MARY CARROLL,**
***New York***

DEAR MARY,—In following you to church, like the little lamb of the other Mary, your millionaire husband, Mr. J. R. Noggle, seems to have made a doubtful bargain.

You have arranged to keep your own name and your entire liberty and independence except "from six o'clock in the evening until eight or nine in the morning," at which time you hang your ring and your holy state of matrimony on the peg until six o'clock strikes again.

It passes my comprehension, not that anyone should be so unutterably indifferent to the sacred things of life, but that they should advertise the fact as well. JOHN BULL.

**Mr. ALFRED E. SMITH,**
***New York, U.S.A.***

DEAR AL,—I see you are the head of a construction company that is about to erect an eighty-storey skyscraper on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, with a tower that will rise 200 ft. above any existing building in New York.

According to your announcement, it will cost over £12,000,000 and will be capable of housing 60,000 people.

Yours is surely the land of tall storeys. JOHN BULL.

**Alderman D. B. FOSTER,**
***Lord Mayor of Leeds***

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—I trust that the project of your Canal Committee for the construction of a ship canal from Leeds to Goole will meet with the approval of the Chambers of Commerce and other public bodies that are being consulted in the matter, and that the work will soon be put in hand.

I have always held that the opening up of great inland waterways is one of the solutions of the unemployment problem which promises to be of permanent value.

I hope your example will not be lost upon the Government. JOHN BULL.

**Mr. H. R. OSWALD,**
***Coroner for West London***

DEAR SIR,—I do not think you should be surprised at receiving some abusive letters after your absurd suggestion that a pedestrian injured by a motor-car should be fined; and, if he is killed, the cost of any enquiry should be paid out of his goods.

You declare that you must harden your heart and thicken your skin. There should be no need for you to do that, for they appear to have reached the limit in consistency and density already.

People are getting a little tired of gratuitous advice of the ridiculous character which some coroners insist on providing. JOHN BULL.

**The Rt. Hon. LORD PARMOOR,**
***Lord President of the Council***

DEAR LORD PARMOOR,—Four months ago the Radium Commission was appointed, and you were named its chairman.

Since then quite a few of your fellow-citizens have died from cancer for lack of radium treatment.

Yet there is plenty of radium in Britain—locked away in bank vaults—because its owners will not release it except at fancy prices.

Get a move on, quickly! Such delay is frivolous and disgusting.

I suggest that, until you have unlocked all the radium this country needs, you leave the conduct of Government business in the House of Lords to your colleague, Lord Passfield, and confine yourself to more important matters.

We shall not be satisfied until every sufferer from cancer, however poor, can receive without cost as much radium treatment as the best medical opinion prescribes. JOHN BULL.

*NOT from 2LO—*

# Mr. Arnold Bennett

# Rushes through RUSSIA

## *with his friend "Max," Lord Beaverbrook*

LADIES and gentlemen, perpend,
Before to details I descend.
It is, indeed, but fit
That I should tell you straight away
Just who I am; so let me say
At once that I am IT.

This fact you'd quickly understand
If you observed me at some grand
Hotel (beyond *your* reach),
Where Press milords and playhouse stars
Sip vintage wine and smoke cigars
At eight and sixpence each.

But though you can't afford a snack
At such resorts, you need not lack
Acquaintance with the Great;
For once a week I condescend,
For those who will a penny spend,
To put aside my state

Then in the Press, as mandarin
To man, I conversation spin
To all who care to list
If some refrain from reading me
They have my deepest sympathy—
They don't know what they've missed.

Just consider, ladies and gentlemen, what they have missed in the past few weeks.

For a start, they are ignorant of, say, half-a-dozen novels of "major" importance, for I should not be playing fair by my readers unless each week I discovered at least three novelists who are world-shaking geniuses.

Not only are those who fail to read me unaware of the existence of these giants (together with the weight, area and cubic capacity of their books, all of which details I carefully supply), but they are equally unaware which classic authors have become "unreadable"—with the result that they probably go on reading them!

I have already expressed my considered opinion that Dickens is a bore, and I shall probably supply an equally illuminating criticism of Shakespeare when my fourth deputy-assistant private secretary has had time to count the number of words in "Hamlet."

But lately I have undertaken a really "major" work—that of telling the entire truth about Russia in a series of snappy 2,000-word articles.

In distinguished company I recently "ticked off" Russia in record time, and my readers are now being regaled with the rich fruits of my inexperience.

Russia, of course, is a largish, even a major, subject. But that does not intimidate me. I am not a conceited man, but I cannot conceal even from myself that I know a great deal about a great many things, which is what enables me to live like a millionaire on twenty-four hours a day.

From Camberwell to the Kremlin
The world is an open book
To such as me, for I can straight
Away an article fabricate
When I've given it half a look.

At the Hotel Sploshski Max and I
Sampled the best champagne;
And, over the coffee, we agreed
Precisely what is Russia's need—
Then caught the morning train.

In Moscow we rode on a samovar,
From a drosky we drank tea;
On Leningrad I cast my eye,
Spat in the Neva, bought a tie—
So all is clear to me!

## STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN: "We could not allow Great Britain any longer to be regarded as the milch-cow of Europe."

*And now we cannot let Great Britain remain any longer the flesh-pot of Mesopotamia.*

* * *

MR. J. R. CLYNES: "The more we know of other countries the more we shall understand them and they understand us."

*But we shall like them all the more if they don't undersell us.*

* * *

VISCOUNT BRENTFORD: "Prisons to-day are clean, sanitary, light and airy, and the food is ample and wholesome."

*Until the same can be said of the poorest home in the country, poverty will lead to crime.*

* * *

CAPT. F. E. GUEST: "I almost believe that a member of a flying club is of more value to the country than a Member of Parliament."

*A man who could entirely believe that would be suspected of having left half his wits in the clouds.*

# TWELVE STARTLING

*This is "Suicides' Balcony." The portrait is of Mr. Arthur Greenwood. He is Minister of Health*

# *Hospital* DEATHS

## *The Story of "Suicides' Balcony"*

F the Ministry of Health was ever faced with a grave public duty it is to-day.

Without a moment's hesitation it should investigate the administration of a large London institution illed the Whipps Cross Hospital, here the lives of patients have been ing away in circumstances which nstitute a public scandal of the first agnitude.

Whipps Cross Hospital is administered by the West Ham Board of uardians, and is supported out of the tes.

In addition to pauper patients, however, its doors are open to mental ses and to people who can contribute wards the cost of their treatment. l three classes are, of course, housed parately.

Neurasthenic patients from the adining districts are sent to Whipps oss Hospital and kept in a department which is officially called the Separation Ward."

Joseph William Simons, a pensioned icer of the G.P.O., living at West m, and well known locally as a usician, was one of such patients.

Prior to his admission to Whipps oss Hospital, Simons complained of ternal pains. The doctor who tended him said that he was neurasenic, but that his pains were quite aginary.

So, as the poor fellow grew irresponsible, he was sent to Whipps Cross observation.

He was admitted in fairly good alth, but in a highly excitable state, July 6 this year.

On August 1 he was dead.

### *Over the parapet*

Just after midnight, he suddenly left s ward, which was on the second or, wandered on to the balcony outde, and jumped over its parapet.

Some time afterwards he was found the concrete floor, 40 ft. below, oaning pitifully, and terribly injured. died in agony twenty-four hours er.

Why was there no member of the spital staff available to check mons when he left his bed, walked wn the ward, opened one of the zed doors and stepped straight out to the balcony, whence he flung mself to death?

These doors, which shut off the balny from the ward, were unlocked—they always are—and this half-azy man was able to go to his doom hindered and unnoticed.

If his tragic suicide was an isolated e it would be more than sufficient justify a rigid overhaul of the administration of the hospital.

But there have been a dozen tragees at this hospital during the past r or so which call for comment, d many have been preventable cides.

### *Further calamities*

Yet nothing has been done to prent further calamities, and even the st primitive measures of protection not introduced on this life-uring balcony.

But that, deplorable as it certainly constitutes only part of the scandal rounding Joseph Simons' death, for, the time he left his bed to kill himf, there were thirty-four other tients in this ward.

Only one nurse was on duty throughthe night to tend them and to prot them from themselves.

And this nurse, under the rules of hospital, had to watch and tend wants of these restless patients for welve-hour "shift."

This alone is a disgrace which ought to be stopped by the Minister of Health.

Only six weeks before Simons' suicide a man named Clark, who had likewise been in the hospital only for a few weeks, killed himself in the same way.

The circumstances surrounding Clark's death are similar to those outlined above. He crept through the open door, with not even an overworked nurse to stop him, and deliberately pitched himself over the unprotected parapet.

Again there were between thirty-five and forty patients in the ward, with only a single weary nurse somewhere in attendance.

At inquest after inquest held at this institution the questions of this dangerous balcony and of the understaffing of the hospital have been raised.

But no steps are taken to remedy matters.

That this scandal has been going on for years is proved by the fact that as far back as March, 1926, the hospital authorities were strongly criticised.

Then a young married woman named Murray, who was highly neurasthenic, was specially sent to Whipps Cross by her doctor in order that she might be watched.

One day, when she was particularly boisterous in her behaviour, she asked the nurse on duty when the sister would be round. "Sister promised me I should go on the balcony," she said.

The nurse replied that she would see the sister later about it and, having other things to do, urged the patient to go to sleep.

Presently, when the nurse was out of the ward preparing breakfast, she heard piercing screams. Rushing back to the ward in alarm, she found that all her patients were screaming.

Mrs. Murray, left quite unattended, had committed suicide by flinging herself out of a window.

At the inquest held on her body, Dr. Ambrose, the coroner, made some strong comments which, to-day, three and a half years later, are particularly apposite.

"This woman should never have been exposed to the risk of being near a window 40 ft. from the ground. . . . I think, in a ward like this there should always be someone in attendance. . . . That is why the public pay the money for this hospital."

### *Advice ignored*

This advice, given as far back as March, 1926, is still ignored, despite the fact that Dr. Ambrose added the indictment that "this is not the first case of a similar nature that we have had here."

No, not the first case in the spring of 1926, nor will it be the last in the autumn of 1929, unless Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, compels the West Ham Board of Guardians to take effective steps to stop this grim succession of needless suicides.

The coolness with which the Board views the matter is illustrated by the fact that, although the suicide of Joseph Simons was specially drawn to its notice, it was not even mentioned at the full meeting of the guardians since held.

A matter, it seems, not worthy of discussion. Only just another life thrown away.

Is not the remedy simple enough?

The staff of Whipps Cross Hospital must be strengthened to cope with patients' reasonable demands: and the balcony of death must be made safe for those whose minds are seized with suicidal impulses.

# MORAL: Stick it *as he did*

*He's "just as bad" as she is*

"IF at first you don't succeed, try again," is the motto of Mr. P. J. Adams, of 212, Norbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, the winner of £250 in JOHN BULL's Crossword Competition No. 26.

Mr. Adams has tried "Bullets" and other competitions galore with only slight success, and now fortune has at last come knocking at his door.

"My wife has had no sleep since we heard the great news," he told our representative who called to congratulate him.

"And you're just as bad," interpolated Mrs. Adams. "But I don't blame him. Think of what this windfall means to us. We have four small children, and one of them suffers from chronic thyroid trouble, which needs constant medical attention. This has strained our resources to the utmost. We haven't had a holiday for years."

Mr. Adams intends to bank the bulk of the money. The remainder will be spent on special surgical treatment for his little girl and on "a glorious week-end in the country."

"Tell those readers of your splendid paper who have tried without success to win a prize to stick to it," concluded Mr. Adams. "They simply can't go wrong if they do."

Mr. Walter Thomas Emsley, of 60, Meeching Road, Newhaven, who also won £250 in this Crossword Competition, is a wireless and electrical engineer employed by a Seaford firm.

"I am delighted with my success," he told our representative. "I have been doing crossword puzzles for years, partly in the hope of winning a prize, but also because I find them a wonderful education."

Mr. Emsley is only twenty-three and unmarried.

"I think I shall put the money away as a reserve," he said. "I am optimistic enough to hope that this will not be the last time I will win one of your prizes."

Further big prizes are offered in this week's competition.

You can find out how to win them on page 32.

# Famous Firm's BLACK SLAVES

*Forced black labourers on the Firestone Plantations in Liberia. The white man is one of Mr. Harvey Firestone's sons. Behind him you see one of his father's tyres*

SLAVERY in any shape or form, in any place, carried on by any people, is the common concern of every civilised nation.

While it exists, its exploiters will incur the undying hostility of this paper, although our policy is to confine our criticisms as far as possible to British affairs.

Therefore, we print here the exclusive inner story of the Firestone Rubber Company's conduct of its plantations in the negro republic of Liberia.

Soon after its arrival as rubber-growers in Africa, towards the end of 1926, the company found itself in an awkward position.

Thousands of pounds had been spent on stores and equipment. English rubber-planters and many scores of other experts had been engaged.

Yet there was no labour with which to work this 1,000,000-acre concession. Why? Because for once the American big business experts were up against a product trained in their own school.

The Liberian of the coast is usually an American or an Americanised negro. Semi-educated, he fancies that his "culture" gives him the right to exist on his brother, the poor black of the interior.

## *Corrupt officials*

The Liberian Government is carried on largely by corrupt and lazy officials. These men saw a chance in the arrival of the Firestone Company to make some easy money.

For many years all road and public works in Liberia were completed by using the press-gang method on the bush native.

Before the Firestone agreement, which was a contract with the Government to provide forced labour, was signed, officials would descend with armed guards on the plantations and take away natives to work on Government roads.

But even before this agreement was signed forced labour was being used on the Firestone plantations. Hundreds of men were working on them who had been sent down from the bush to work off "fines" inflicted on trumped-up charges.

The miseries of these poor devils were beyond description. Before and after the agreement the gangs were chiefly drawn from the far interior.

After an exhausting march of 300 to 400 miles without food, except for what they could pick up on the way, the gang, with their women and children, would be dumped into the bush on arrival at the focus of Firestone operations.

No huts or shelter existed. The exhausted group of families remained in the open until they could erect shacks.

Dysentery and blackwater fever were rampant. Nor was there any medical service to combat them, because the company was not going to spend money on a medical staff until its agreements were signed.

In all the six divisions or camps the men died like flies. In one camp alone, named "Du No. 2," twenty men died in one month.

There was only one doctor in the whole country, a Frenchman, who lived in Monrovia, the capital, some hundreds of miles away from the camps.

On one occasion an Englishman named Brownlie brought down a native whose skull had been cracked by a falling tree. He brought the man all the way by canoe to the doctor. When he arrived in Monrovia he was asked by the American general manager why he was wasting his time.

It was eighteen months before a hospital was established. Yet throughout this period the Firestone Company was issuing golden statements, explaining how healthy was the Liberian climate, how ideal were the conditions

## *More Disclosures*

under which the men were working, and how wonderful was the organisation of the company, which included hospitals.

Yet the company was perfectly aware that the labour which it used was forced labour.

We have documents in our possession, signed by a high official, giving lists of men despatched for work on the plantations. These papers are simply consignment notes giving a tally of human merchandise.

The "merchandise" itself was marched into camp by armed guard, and when it had finished its task, what was left alive was marched down under guard to the Government offices in Monrovia.

## *Official thieves*

The head man would carry with him the money his tribesmen were supposed to have earned, after the cost of their meagre rice ration had been deducted.

At Monrovia officials would relieve the men of this money under pretext of sending it to their chiefs.

After the labour agreement was signed, the company gave official cognisance to this slave labour, since it agreed to take forced labour from the Government and pay a commission on what it received.

No criticism of this system of slavery was made except by the English employees, the planters who had been engaged to do the initial pioneering work.

The company sent these men home on a pretext of leave, and discharged them before their leave expired.

The whole history of the Firestone Company's experiment is a record of stupid incompetence, backed by relentless oppression.

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Weekly Informations— —from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# BEWARE *of this* "GOOD NEWS"

THIS week I want to give a few words of advice to those of my readers who deal in stocks and shares.

I hope that some at least of them will benefit from what I have to say.

It is ancient history now that in the past few years hundreds of thousands of pounds have been sunk by English investors in worthless American companies.

Long ago it was clear to these investors that they would never recover a farthing of their money unless something in the nature of a miracle occurred.

At long last this miracle has occurred.

That is to say, some of these luckless investors are being told that their money is safe after all, and that the near future will bring them the profits that seemed to have been gone for ever.

Now, if you hold shares in any American company which has never paid a promised dividend, be careful. Examine the supposed miracle with the utmost caution.

And don't part with another penny without first taking advice.

A lady living on the South Coast invested a large sum of money some years ago in a worthless Arkansas oil-well. She has never received a dividend, and long ago gave up the position as helpless.

*Sir Wilfrid Greene, K.C., advises a law to stamp out such sharks*

A few weeks ago she was visited by a man whose face was beaming with excitement. "I have great news for you," he said, and produced a mass of documents for examination.

His was a wonderful story. Oil had been found at last. What was yesterday a wilderness was to-day a centre of industry.

A dividend was to be paid almost at once, and when the lady was informed that her share came to some hundreds, she was naturally delighted.

The papers the man carried certainly bore out his story, and she was completely in his confidence by the time the moment came for him to work a further swindle, which was to extract more of her money.

The American Government, he announced, had decided that investors were not to be paid their dividends until they had met further charges due for official surveys of the land. In her case the fee was in the neighbourhood of £10.

Fumbling with a cheque made out for the total amount of her dividend, the caller said he would hand it over upon receipt of this fee.

The woman paid. The bringer of good tidings departed. And when the dividend note was presented to the bank it was dishonoured.

Many people have already been caught in this scheme.

A Devonshire man, for instance, was mulct of £36; a Dundee schoolteacher, who had already lost £300, parted with a further £23 on being told that good luck had come at last and that her holding was now worth £1,279.

So, take my advice—pay no more money to any plausible caller, no matter how honest he seems to be or however genuine his credentials look.



DO YO

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A New

THE motor trade i
to-day by a ne
swindle, which e
able dealer in c
his utmost to s
public interest, as well as
of his own profession.

This fraud concerns the
selling of second-hand
countless purchasers are
timised daily.

A few months ago an
who is in business at F
garage proprietor in a
attended a sale at Smallm
auction mart in Francis
tenham Court Road, Lo
where some thirty or mo
offered for sale at knock-o

Knocked do

The sale was perfectly
the auctioneers are relia
men.

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driver who wanted to bu
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pimple to peritonitis, a
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Conn is the practition
as his publicity-agent
secretary.

They began operations
in Nottingham, where t
headquarters at 91, Cast

# DO YOU DRIVE a Stolen CAR?

## A New Used-Car Swindle

THE motor trade is disgraced to-day by a new form of swindle, which every reputable dealer in cars must do his utmost to stifle in the public interest, as well as for the sake of his own profession.

This fraud concerns the buying and selling of second-hand cars; and countless purchasers are being victimised daily.

A few months ago an Acton man, who is in business at Fulham as a garage proprietor in a small way, attended a sale at Smallman Brothers' auction mart in Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C., where some thirty or more cars were offered for sale at knock-out prices.

### Knocked down

The sale was perfectly genuine, and the auctioneers are reliable business men.

One lot in this sale was an Essex saloon-car, and when it was driven into the ring and bids were made for it, the Acton man called his price, and secured the car for thirty-five guineas.

A few weeks later, in the normal course of his business, he came in contact with a Tooting charabanc driver who wanted to buy a car for private-hire work in the winter season.

As the Essex saloon met his requirements, it again changed hands.

Not long afterwards, the new owner was surprised to receive a letter from the Mutual Indemnity and Guarantee Corporation, of Regent Street, W., informing him that the car was its property, and that, if he wanted to buy it, its price was £62 18s.

Enquiring into this startling position, the Tooting driver discovered that the car had originally been let out on hire with an option to purchase under a signed agreement made by the corporation with a Mrs. M. Alexander, of 50, Osbourne Villas, Hove, Sussex.

Having paid in hard cash for it, the charabanc driver naturally refused to give it up without a fight; and the question of its real ownership came before Mr. Justice Hill Kelly in the Bloomsbury County Court a few days ago.

Here it was revealed that Mr. Frank Alexander, the hirer's son, had sold it after only two or three instalments had been paid.

As the corporation's right to its property was legally sound, a verdict was given against the unfortunate buyer, from whom the car was recovered.

This man has lost not only possession of the car, but he has also lost his money.

And in addition he is mulct of the county court costs of both sides, those of the corporation alone being no less than £50.

Enquiries we have instigated enable us to say that this practice of selling cars which do not belong to the vendors is becoming rampant, despite the fact that it is a criminal offence to dispose of an article before it is fully paid for under a hire-purchase agreement.

In another case, selected from the many before us, a commercial traveller, named Alfred Edward Wright, obtained an "Austin Seven" from a Great Portland Street, London, firm on payment of a small deposit.

*Be careful when you buy a second-hand motor-car—see that the "seller" owns it before you close the deal. The portrait is of Judge Hill Kelly. He explored a case in point*

Later he sold the car to a Mr. Harmsworth, who gave him a cheque for £35 in payment, believing that Wright was the lawful owner. Mr. Harmsworth has lost his £35, as the car has been returned to the Great Portland Street firm.

### Lost car and cash

A further typical case is that of a Southend reader who bought a car for £60. A hire-purchase firm discovered the car and claimed it, as only £30 had been paid of the total purchase price of £195. This victim, therefore, has lost £60 and the car.

A man named Owens, who lives in South London, had, with his wife, saved £75 in order that they might realise their cherished ambition to own a car.

Mr. Owens answered an advertisement in an evening newspaper, and bought a car with his savings.

A week later it was seized by Messrs. Chester and Cole, of New Bond Street, W., who had let it out on hire, and were, of course, entitled to reclaim it.

Garage proprietors are frequently victimised by unscrupulous car-drivers, whose vehicles are obtained on the hire-purchase system. Cars are left in garages when the hirers can no longer pay their instalments.

The managing director of yet another firm which is engaged in underwriting cars that are hired out with an option to purchase informed our representative that this pernicious practice is becoming a daily occurrence.

There was a case in Manchester recently where it was found that a "customer" who had hired out a car valued at £180 abandoned it in a garage in a damaged condition, after paying only £70.

It not infrequently happens that the auctioneers who effect what they honestly believe to be a legitimate sale of a second-hand car are astounded to receive a claim for the return of the money paid for it, after it has been reclaimed by the lawful owners.

Needless to say, the practice has had a very detrimental effect upon the honest trade in second-hand or unwanted cars.

Is there no way of stopping this undesirable traffic?

### Concrete solution

Surely the registration regulations could be tightened up in order to frustrate swindlers, who mostly escape punishment because the victims do not want to bear the added cost of launching prosecutions against them.

One concrete suggestion we make is that the registration book, which now accompanies each car, should contain space in which a statement by each successive vendor might appear, showing whether or not full settlement has been made when the car changed hands.

While the competent authorities are debating this point, learn the moral of this exposure—Don't buy a second-hand car until you have satisfied yourself to whom it belongs.

# MAX'S OILY MAGIC

## Quack rises from Corn-cures to Twenty-guinea Fees

FOR humbug and heartlessness two quacks who are now at work in various English counties are matchless.

To the public they are known as Alfred Max Conn and Ramos Luro, but their real names are Abraham Cohen and Lionel Cohen.

There is no modesty about this pair. They can cure *anything*—from a pimple to peritonitis, a headache to heart disease, and corns to cancer.

Of course, they do not possess a qualification between them.

Conn decorates his name with the title M.M.O.S., but Luro is satisfied with M.M. They have invented these combinations of letters for themselves; and they are completely worthless.

If the couple were ordinary mountebanks of the market-place they would not be worth notice. But they batten on the poor and the incurable, and use methods which in the end only intensify the despair and misery of their dupes.

Conn is the practitioner. Luro acts as his publicity-agent and so-called secretary.

They began operations not long ago in Nottingham, where they still have headquarters at 91, Castle Boulevard. Here, until Luro discovered his partner's "super-human skill," Conn had been known as a cheap-jack.

He started business selling trouser-braces in the open-air market, and at different times he peddled fruit and cheap jewellery on the kerb. Then he advanced to corn cures, and so into the realms of osteopathy.

THE "Magic of Max the Miracle Man," as Luro describes Conn's balderdash, is so great a joke to the people of Nottingham that the pair have had to go farther afield for profit.

They have concentrated for a time on Blackpool and Lincolnshire, but have apparently found it so easy to extract money from the sick and the maimed that they intend to extend their "Harley Street service" to Derby, Leicester, and other towns.

They go so far in their propaganda methods as to equip in each place an elaborate-looking surgery, which, however, is destitute of proper medical equipment.

The limit of treatment they give to patients appears to be a rubbing with a "famous Eastern oil." This in reality is a simple mixture of olive oil and sweet oil, ammonia and camphor, worth a few pence. They obtain its ingredients from ordinary chemists' shops.

Generally, the fee charged for the rubbish and rub is twenty guineas. The money is usually obtained from people in poor circumstances, who, misled by Conn's claims, often part with everything they have to find a cure.

From their profits Conn and Luro have lately bought motor-cars.

Conn practises with the help of the Almighty—or so he says. But he will not invoke the aid of the Deity unless his fees are paid in advance.

And no money is returnable even when a patient dies long before the ridiculous treatment ends.

DESPAIRING of his wife's condition, a Lincoln tradesman took her to Conn, who, after pocketing the twenty guineas, massaged her leg and sent her home with a bottle of his oil.

She died three weeks later, and when the husband suggested to Conn that he should refund at least part of the exorbitant fee, the answer was a refusal.

These two Cohens must stop their activities, or have them stopped.

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From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid.

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Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head.

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If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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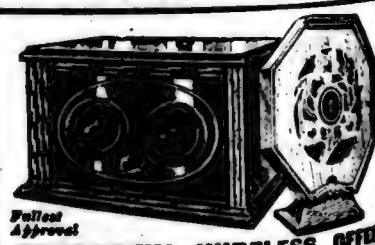
Address .....



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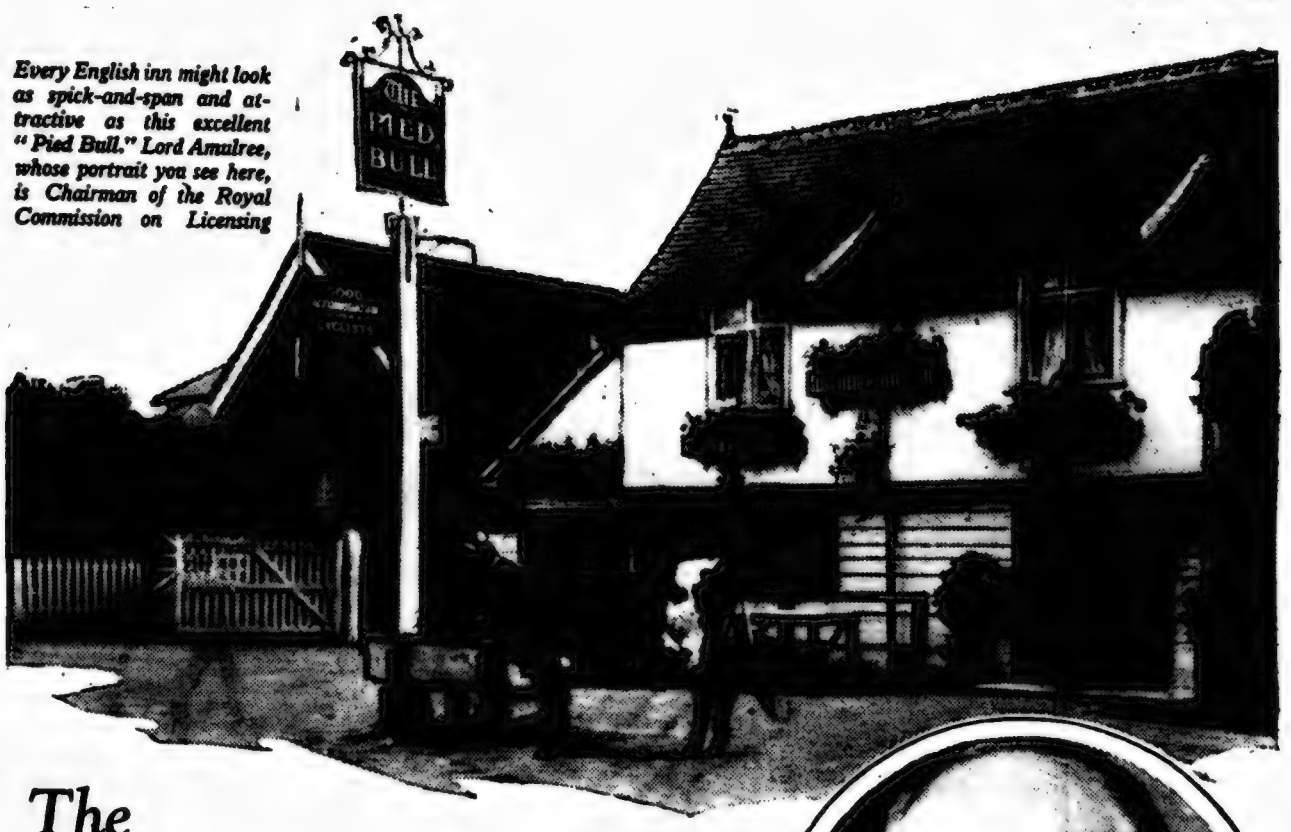
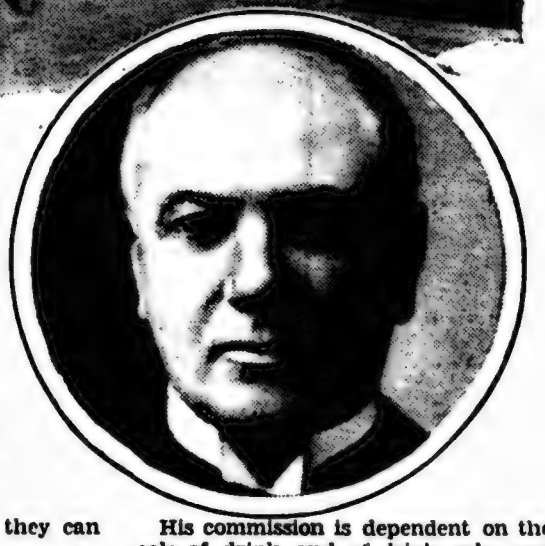



*Every English inn might look as spick-and-span and attractive as this excellent "Pied Bull." Lord Amulree, whose portrait you see here, is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Licensing*

# The SKELETON behind THE BAR



by

## A. G. GARDINER

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Clynes has completed his choice of members of the Royal Commission on Licensing, and though all the names at the moment of writing have not been published, the public may rest assured that all interests are fairly and completely represented.

The commission is expected to begin its sittings next month, and its investigations will occupy not less than two years, possibly nearer three.

It has been suggested that the commission is a convenient device for side-stepping a troublesome issue—that, in fact, the Government has followed the example of the Scottish minister when he said, "Ma frien's, this is a verra deeficult problem. Let us look it straight in the face—*and pass on.*"

And it is notorious that on the subject of drink the Labour Party is very much at sixes and sevens.

But it is fair to say that no Government, however unanimous, could have attacked so thorny a question without a thorough preliminary survey of the facts and a full examination of the alternative methods of reform.

### *They have power*

That survey and examination are now to be made, and the terms of reference are of so wide a character that it is in the power of the commission to fashion a comprehensive scheme of licensing reform that should make it possible for this Government or the next to settle finally and satisfactorily the relations of the State to the drink trade.

I do not propose to refer here to the more controversial aspects of the subject with which the commission will have to deal. I venture instead to direct its attention to one phase which, being non-controversial, is in danger of being ignored.

I allude to the lamentable inefficiency, not infrequently the squalor, of the inns of the English countryside.

With the question of the city gin-palace I am not here concerned. That is an entirely different problem, and should not be confused with the case of the country inn, which, in some form or other, is a public necessity.

It supplies certain elementary needs of the local population, accommodation for meetings and festivities, and something in the nature of the poor man's club.

But it has a still wider function which in these days has grown enormously, and which will continue to grow. That function is the supply of the needs of the travelling public—food, rest, refreshment.

### *Back to roads*

The greatest fact in the social history of the last twenty years is that we have returned to the roads. The invention and development of the railway a century ago took us off the roads; the invention and development of the motor-car has brought us back to them.

After a century, during which the roads of the country sank into mere local utilities, they have been suddenly, almost magically, restored to all, and more than all, their former glory and importance as the great channels of communication and travel.

I stood in the street of Honiton in Devon a few days ago. I was amazed at the spectacle.

The street was thronged with motor-cars and motor-buses—buses going to London, to Plymouth, to Manchester, to all quarters of the compass. From Yeovil to Exeter I passed a ceaseless stream of cars and 'buses. And this can be paralleled all over the land.

At the cost of hundreds of millions of money we have done, and are doing, our utmost to cope with this gigantic revolution by widening and rebuilding the roads.

But it is not only the demands upon the roads which have increased out of all reckoning. The new invasion of the countryside has created an unprecedented call for wayside hospitality and the conveniences of travel.

### *Nothing done*

To meet this call, almost literally nothing has been done. The state of the country inns of this land is a national disgrace. In not one out of twenty—perhaps not one out of fifty—could a night's lodging in them be contemplated.

And if it were contemplated, it would not be available. The food is execrable, the service slatternly, the drink intolerable. By comparison with Germany and France, the conditions are those of an uncivilised country as compared with a civilised.

That they stagnated for a hundred years was perhaps excusable, for the roads were put out of action by the railways. But that this enormous opportunity for the revival of the country inn should have been so long neglected is little short of a crime.

It is not that the inns are insufficient; they are over-abundant. It is not that the demand is not open and flagrant; it streams down the highways; it hammers at the doors.

It is estimated that the capitalised value of the inns of the country amounts to something like £100,000,000. And it is calculated that every fine week-end half a million sterling is spent at these so-called hostelries by the touring and travelling public, who are compelled to take what they can get.

With all their squalor and incompetence, they cannot help being prosperous—more prosperous than they have been since the old coaching days.

But it is not the question of their prosperity that matters. It is the comfort and convenience of the travelling public that calls for drastic action.

*The Royal Commission on Licensing was promised in the Labour Party election programme. Its terms of reference give it a wide scope of enquiry. Mr. Clynes has declared that it will get down to brass tacks before Parliament meets in October.*

*Its members may tour other countries to discover for themselves how liquor restriction experiments work abroad—say in those "dry" United States.*

It should be within the competence of the commission to take this urgent matter in hand.

It should discover why our inns are so bad and what steps are necessary to make them better.

I do not think it would have much difficulty in finding the causes. The first of them is, of course, the tied-house system, with all its wretched consequences.

The worst of these consequences is that it subordinates everything to the interests of the brewer instead of to those of the public, and that it reduces the landlord to the status of a hired servant.

He is no longer "mine host," with a pride in his house and an independent, secure position. He is a caretaker for the brewery. His business is not to serve the public, but to sell beer. He is ignorant of the art of catering, and indifferent to the comfort of travellers. He is a beerseller, and nothing else.

His commission is dependent on the sale of drink, and of drink only, and the brewers who own the house will spend nothing on its amenities, except in relation to the bar and what promotes their one interest—the sale of their commodities.

This monstrous system calls for drastic reform, and I hope the commission will attack it root and branch.

The remedies seem fairly obvious. The detestable tied-house system should be swept away, and the status of the landlord, independent and self-respecting, should be restored.

He should cease to be the odd-jobs man of the brewers, and should become a servant of the public, on whom ultimately he is dependent for his living.

He should be paid commission on food and "hotel" receipts, as in the case of the Public-house Trust, and so encouraged to be a public entertainer instead of a mere drinkseller.

Licences should be taken away from houses which are not comfortable, clean, and able to supply good food, and help might be given to the good innkeeper by a sliding rebate in the cost of his licence.

By such means the present infamous conditions of our country inns would be abolished, with enormous gain to the innkeeping industry.

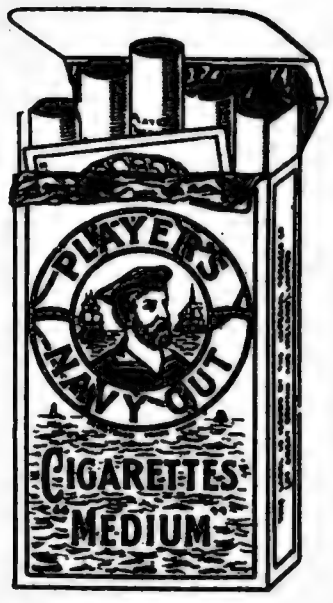
### *Squalid reproach*

The name of the English inn would no longer be a reproach, and the travelling public would cease to suffer the squalid entertainment at present offered to them.

And there is another consideration which should not be overlooked. We are appealing to the world at last to come and discover Britain. If it comes and discovers our inns, it will never come again.

If we invite the world to become our guests, the least we can do is to offer them a hospitality which is not an insult and an offence.

# Five of the Best

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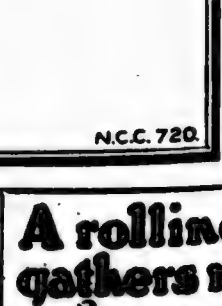

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# O DEM GOLDEN KIPPERS!

## *that make Fishmongers Rich*

*by*

**E. ROFFE THOMPSON**

*Fish leaving Billingsgate, where "the ice-plant is quite inadequate." The Billingsgate porter carries fish-boxes on his head. Profiteers wax fat on their contents*

I HAVE discovered the secret of how to get rich quickly. All that is necessary is to open a shop and sell fish. If at the end of six months you have not made your pile, you don't know your job.

The other day a Birmingham man wrote to a daily paper. "I went out in a trawler from Tenby," he said, "for two days and one night. We caught a quantity of Tenby soles and other fish, and we also had a 'trunk' (box) holding about 80 lb. of red gurnet.

"For this 'trunk' the fishermen received 6d. One of the wholesalers has a shop in Tenby, and as I passed it I noticed that red gurnet, according to size, was 7d. to 8d. per lb.

"We had sold 80 lb. for 6d. the lot."

If that doesn't reek of profiteering, language has ceased to have any meaning. Yet the Food Council in 1927 said there was no profiteering in the fish trade and that there were no price-rings.

It made the Food Council look a bit foolish when, almost on the day its extraordinary conclusions were published, the fishermen at Brixham—to mention only one locality out of many—were pointing out that catches of whiting, sole, brill and turbot sold by the port of landing wholesaler at 1d. for 8 lb. were being sold in Billingsgate for 2d. per lb.—sixteen times as much as the fishermen got.

But we don't need to go back to 1927 to smell outrageous profiteering in the fish trade. Let us look no farther back than the last week of August, 1929.

### *"Trunks" of fish*

Then a "trunk" of whiting—about 4 lb.—was landed at Plymouth by a fisherman who sold it to the wholesaler at the rate of less than 1d. for four fish.

The same day in the shops people were paying for the same fish 10d. and 1s. per lb., and in moderate-priced restaurants were being charged 10d. for one solitary grilled whiting.

The retail fishmongers had bought these same whiting from the Billingsgate wholesaler at less than 1d. per fish—to sell them to the public at nearly 4d. per fish.

Of course, there is the cost of bringing the whiting to London by rail, and if there is no profiteering this charge must be enormous. The truth is that it isn't enormous. It is roughly 1d. a pound, and there are three or four fish to the pound.

Perhaps the secret is not profiteering, but some mysterious law of Nature that ensures that the price of fish shall double and treble itself between the quayside and the market.

There must be some explanation of the terrific discrepancy between the starvation rates paid to the men who cheerfully risk their lives in all sorts of weather to catch the fish and the opulent prices charged to the long-suffering public.

Take herrings, for instance. Not long ago there was a real glut of this fish, and a retail price of 1d. each would have given a very nice profit to both fisherman and fishmonger.

Yet when herrings were being sold at five a penny in the East Anglian wholesale markets, the consumer was forced to pay 1s. for five herrings to the retailer.

And while this unmerciful fleecing of the housewife was going on Scottish fishing-boats were going home, leaving vast shoals of fresh herrings in the sea because it did not pay to catch them.

I don't know whether you still remember the scandalous episode in the early part of this year, when Buckie fishermen wired to Mr. Baldwin protesting that they were being forced to dump back into the sea nearly 1,000 crans of herrings because they could find no buyers.

More than a million herrings were thus emptied back into the sea at a time when the miners and their children were starving in Durham and Wales, and the very fishermen were starving in the ports.

The gulls had a fine feast at the expense of the hungry stomachs of little children.

The greatest need of this country is supposed to be a reorganisation of industry. Facts like this prove it.

What the fishing industry needs is the evolving of a proper selling scheme to eliminate waste by the grading of the fish and the taking of proper steps to ensure markets for the catches the boats bring in.

Mr. Adamson, Secretary for Scotland, has recently been up all the East Coast, raising the hopes of these "slaves of the net" by promising them new harbours and all sorts of new conditions.

### *No good*

The improvements he has been suggesting are designed to help in the reduction of unemployment, but they will none of them be of any good unless the fishermen are assured of a market for their fish—and this is a point that Mr. Adamson appears to have forgotten.

There is always waste where there is lack of organisation, and it is because the fishermen are unorganised—disorganised would not be too strong a word—and the dealers are strongly entrenched in "rings," that the opportunities for profiteering abound.

I don't think the general public has any idea of the appalling waste that goes on day in and day out over the question of food, and which has nearly as much effect in keeping up prices as deliberate and cynical profiteering.

Every month the perfectly scandalous amount of 320 tons of fish—enough for a million meals—is sent in barges down the Thames to be either turned into fish manure or to be destroyed.

A great deal of it has gone rotten because the ice-plant at Billingsgate is quite inadequate: more has gone rotten because of the inefficiency of railway transport, which delays the fish-vans for many hours.

I can only assume that the profits on what remains good are so enormous that the losses so incurred are negligible.

As a matter of fact, the gross profit on the sale of fish is usually well over 100 per cent., and if the Food Council considers that a fair profit it is sadly out of touch with reality.

Go down to almost any port on the Devon coast and see how glad the fishermen are to sell plaice to visitors for a few pence: then see how much it costs to buy plaice in the shops.

And then see whether you believe the Food Council when it says that there is no profiteering in fish.

### *Queer profiteering*

It must have a remarkably queer notion of what "profiteering" means.

The fishmonger can howl with indignation when he is charged with profiteering. I maintain that the charge is fully sustained and proved.

The Government will do a good deal less than its duty unless it takes speedy steps to deal with these daylight bandits.

*The Human Machine*

## The Dogmatic Puppy

A WELL-KNOWN dramatic critic slipped a perfect gem of practical philosophy into his article last week. "Never waste your ammunition," he said; "never fight a useless battle."

Most of us indulge almost daily in perfect orgies of wasted energy. We fret and fume and get all hot and bothered—about what?

If we sat down in the quiet of the evening and reviewed the battles we had fought, we should have to confess that we had mostly been fighting shadows.

We should have to admit that we had lost our tempers over trivialities and argued and discussed about trifles. We should have hard work to find a single thing that could not have been accomplished easier and better by friendly co-operation than it had been by strife.

Mr. Snowden's stand at The Hague was over a principle, and the man who genuinely and sincerely believes that he has taken his stand on a matter of principle is justified in fighting for his belief to the bitter end.

But how many of our battles are due, not to principle, but to pride? How many irritating arguments arise through nothing nobler than obstinacy?

An old writer once said, with acid truth: "Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth."

Since no man was ever yet wise enough to see the whole truth about anything, there is no discredit in being willing to listen to the ideas of others.

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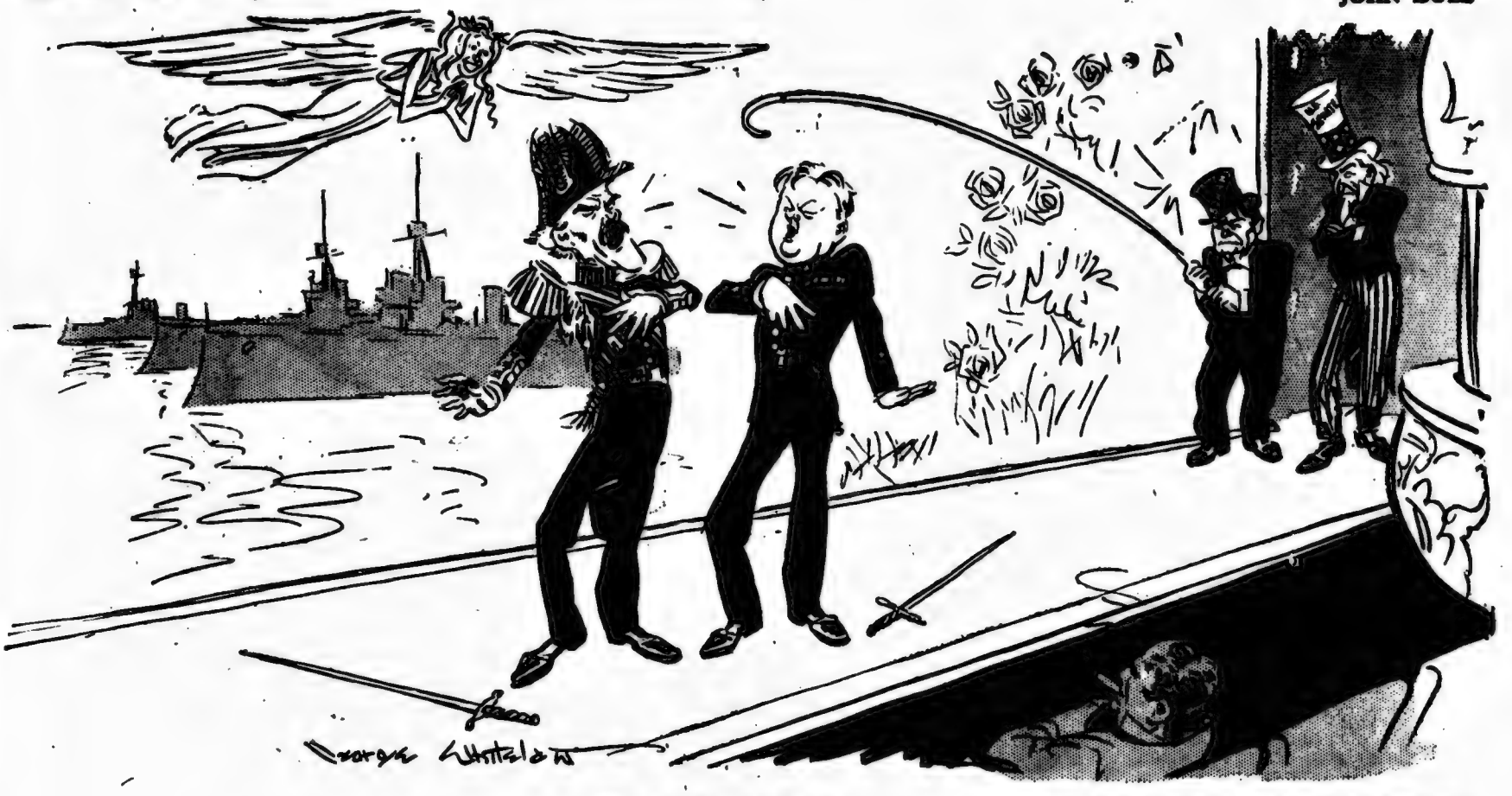


'WARE HOOK!

*The U.S. Senate has the last word on naval cuts. If these two aren't careful, Senator Borah will hook them off the stage, as in old music-hall days*

# THE GHOST of Jackie Fisher

## Without Fear or Favour

MR. MACDONALD'S hopes of announcing complete agreement with America over naval reduction before the end of the League of Nations Assembly has brought renewed hope to the world.

One may perhaps be pardoned for asking "Renewed hope" of what? The unthinking would say "disarmament." We are not so sure.

We have no wish to discourage either Mr. MacDonald's optimism or the very solid work he is doing; but we have an idea that the mere limitation of armaments is an ineffective way of eliminating wars.

They were talking about naval limitation as far back as the Hague Conference of 1899, and the late Lord Fisher, representing the Admiralty, was laughing at the whole thing by advocating as the only method to wage war "the boiling of prisoners in oil and the massacring of the innocent in cold blood."

We are not exaggerating. His words are on record, and later he had to apologise for them. It was a striking instance, even then, of the naval expert crabbing the well-intentioned schemes of the politicians.

LIMITATION of armaments was talked about after that right up to 1914. Germany and ourselves discussed a naval holiday—but war came for all that.

Since the war we have talked about little else. We have had the Washington Conference. We have had the abortive Geneva Conference.

Now we have the quite sincere attempts of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover to do something more than talk.

What will they do? It is no great hardship to scrap battleships. They are costly collections of scrap-iron, as out-of-date as the Dodo—but to scrap battleships will not abolish war.

The whole trend of modern armaments is towards increasing destructive efficiency and decreasing size, and while limitation, and even the possibility of definite reduction, is devoutly to be wished, it does not take us very far.

That is why we do not want to see hopes unduly raised. There is more real hope in the signing of the so-called "Optional Clause," whereby we, the Dominions and France henceforth agree to submit disputes with other nations to arbitration.

The admission at last of the United States to the World Court at The Hague is also a definite step in the direction of assured peace.

It is along these lines that the peace of the world will eventually be built on a secure foundation.

For until the nations of the world are convinced that war solves nothing and is the most insanely wicked way of settling quarrels, it will not matter much whether naval guns are 9 in. or 16 in. They will go off just the same.

* * *

THE Mining Association of Great Britain is believed to be working hard to evolve a scheme for co-operative marketing before October 15. If it fails, schemes will be evolved for it by the Board of Trade which it will have to accept whether it likes them or not.

### *Sell or be Sold*

We urged this step even before the upheaval in the coalfields that led to the disastrous general strike. It was clear, even then, that in the trend towards amalgamation that was taking place in industry with increasing velocity the chaos of the coalfields could not remain unnoticed.

The railway managers, wiser than the coalowners, saw what was coming, and grouped themselves into workable amalgamations before it was done for them.

The barnacled mentality of the coalowners has only been moved by a national calamity. We suppose we ought to be thankful that it has been moved at last, even though the cost has been excessive.

Certainly we have no doubts at all that this is their last opportunity for setting their house in order.

If they fail again, the job will most emphatically be done for them.

THE celebrations of the Centenary of Catholic Emancipation which begin this week are an outstanding symptom of the age.

It is in essence an age of tolerance. In religion and politics and industry there is an increasingly sincere desire to substitute co-operation for strife.

### *Catholic Freedom*

History always marches steadily on with assured step, and what we are witnessing to-day is only the final realisation that the essential need of individuals, groups and nations is freedom.

Fifty years ago the Catholic celebrations could not have taken place without a series of bloody riots throughout the country; to-day the atmosphere is one of welcome.

If, in fact, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Free Church Council, the Chief Rabbi and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland were to attend the big Albert Hall meeting personally with messages of good will to Cardinal Bourne, the sensation would be a comparatively mild one.

The supposed deep-rooted hostility between Catholicism and Protestantism was never more than a misunderstanding of causes. The sincere Catholic never hated the sincere Protestant, nor did hatred thrive the other way.

The Reformation itself was only a vast upheaval in the search for freedom—freedom to learn, to develop and to grow unhampered within the boundaries of sincerely held belief.

The movement was not directed against the Catholic Church as such. Neither was the subsequent persecution of Catholics inspired by Protestantism, but by those to whose natures true religion was a foreign thing.

The curse of the Churches has always been politics, which have sought to use religion for their own ends.

Religion to-day has won its right to pursue its own way, unhampered by acrid memories of ancient persecutions; though it has yet to recognise that politicians are still eager to use it as a pawn in the game.

"A military man through and through"

"He started every new department"

"He is stil' plain 'Arthur'"

"Death's Head Hussars . . . did not deter him"

*The men in the left half of this galaxy of Geneva stars are (reading from the left) Colonel Fleury, Dr. Rajchman, Sir Arthur Salter, Mr. H. M. Butler and M. Albert Thomas, with his beard. The building is its architect's dream of how the League's new Palace will look when finished*

"A foundation stone was la[id] hand-

# MEN WHO BREAK
# The Spell

THE League of Nations is "in full blast." For a few weeks Geneva has become the hub of the civilised world.

All the "Special Correspondents" who make statesmen human to the rest of mankind have migrated from The Hague to Switzerland in the train of "Uncle Arthur" Henderson, M. Briand, and the other big guns of international diplomacy.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's statement on naval disarmament—the tit-bit of this session of the League—has now been delivered and absorbed by civilisation.

Geneva at present is discussing more hum-drum problems; some of the temporary glory has already departed in trains *de luxe*.

That remarkable and polyglot ceremony, at which a foundation-stone for the League's headquarters was laid, has been performed, amid a welter of international smiles, hand-shaking and top-hats.

This foundation-stone ritual marks the opening of the League's second decade of existence. It has grown from nothing, except an American pedagogue's dream, to its present solid appearance in ten years. Who are really responsible for this sturdy growth?

The actual rulers of Britain are not Cabinet Ministers, but permanent officials of the Civil Service. In the same way, the power behind the League is a body of some 350 men and women, drawn from many nationalities, who make up its Secretariat—an international Civil Service.

## The "big noise"

The most important man in the whole League of Nations is undoubtedly Sir Eric Drummond, K.C.M.G., half-brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Perth.

For nineteen years Sir Eric worked in the British Foreign Office. Then, by the Peace Treaty, he was nominated as the first Secretary-General of the League.

Steeped in British methods, it was only natural that he should adopt these for the organisation of his secretariat.

Other countries criticised the introduction of British methods into what they considered to be a Continental institution. But now, after ten years, they appreciate Sir Eric's methods in practice almost as much as they dislike them in theory.

In his dealings with his staff, moreover, he is the soul of discretion. In fact, the British members complain that he seems to ignore their existence.

With the Americans he is friendly to a degree. He lunches with them, he dines with them; but with the British, never. Only last year a member of the Intelligence Section of the League complained that in all his years of service he had never had the chance of talking unofficially to his chief, simply because he was an Englishman.

Nevertheless, there is method in his meticulous care; for no foreign diplomat or statesman has ever complained that the Secretary-General gives preferential treatment to his own countrymen. In the long run this pays.

To assist him in his work, Sir Eric Drummond has four Under-Secretaries-General, each of whom is charged with the personal supervision of a special section of the technical work of the League.

Amongst these is Mr. Sugimura, a Japanese. "Suggie," as he is popularly known, is one of the most universally loved members of the Secretariat. He turns the scale at over 16 st., and his great square, beaming face has put courage into many frightened individuals.

In his early days he was a great athlete, and as a student of Lyons University, he carried off many trophies for sports.

Later, when he joined the staff of the Japanese Embassy in Paris, he conceived the idea of swimming the Channel, and he would have tackled the feat had it not been that Tokio frowned upon the project as being beneath the dignity of a representative of the Japanese Empire.

## Bereaved German

Another of the Under-Secretaries-General is Herr Dufour-Feronce, a German. He is specially concerned with the work of Intellectual Co-operation, of which the chairman is Professor Gilbert Murray.

Dufour-Feronce's only son was killed in the war. Yet directly hostilities were ended he was asked to join the Diplomatic Service because he had been educated in England.

He accepted the invitation, and in 1919 he was appointed to the German Embassy at Carlton House Terrace in London.

Of course, at that time few would receive a German, and the Legation was hard put to it to find its amusements. However, the solution of the problem was typical of Dufour who suggested it.

## Embassy football

Newspapers were screwed up into a ball, and in the basement of No. 9, Carlton House Terrace, in one of the most exclusive parts of London, the secretaries of the German Legation played football.

In 1926, when Germany joined the League of Nations, Dufour-Feronce was nominated as the chief German on the Secretariat.

He is admirably fitted for the post. His ancestors were Huguenots.

For a time they lived in Geneva, after their expulsion from France, and a street is named after one of the members of the family to this day.

Later they migrated to Germany, where they became a well-known family, comparable to the Cassels in this country.

Dufour-Feronce is the last survivor of a noble line. The death of his son has made him believe in peace, and of all Germans the choice of him was the most apt.

Two sections of the League have made amazing progress in these first ten years. They are the Social and Humanitarian side, which deals with the opium traffic, the traffic in women and children, and such-like matters.

Another is the Economic and Financial section, by whose activities Austria and Hungary have been rescued from bankruptcy and other countries put on their feet.

To the credit of Great Britain, the Director of the Social Section is Dame Rachel Crowdy, and the head of the Economic and Financial side is Sir Arthur Salter.

Dame Rachel Crowdy received a medical training, and was a lecturer and demonstrator to the National Health Society. During the war she played a big part in organising V.A.D. hospitals in France and Belgium.

She was one of the first people whom Sir Eric Drummond asked to join him when, in 1919, the League's headquarters were a small London office.

Sir Arthur Salter comes from Oxford, where his father builds boats. To the boatmen he is still plain "Arthur." Like Sir Eric Drummond, he, too, was a Civil Servant.

From the University he went to the Admiralty, thence to the Ministry of Health, and during the war he made his name through organising the allied merchant shipping.

## Mildly twinkling

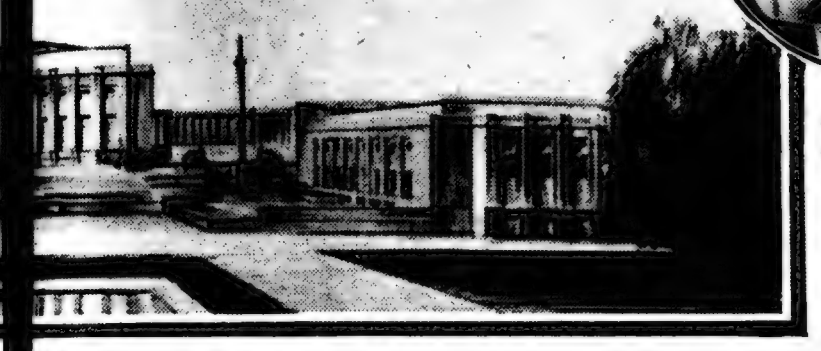
To meet, he seems a most ordinary man, shy and unassuming, who twinkles mildly behind gold-rimmed spectacles. It is hard to make him talk, but when he does so, his speech is all wisdom.

It was his genius that devised the reconstruction scheme, without which Austria would have perished as a nation.

His attention is now turned to an even greater task than that of

"Turns the scale at over 16 st."

"Handing out aperitifs"



"Last survivor of a noble line"

"One more pillar of the League"

This right half is graced with the following League worthies: (From left to right) Sir Eric Drummond, M. Sugimura, Herr Dufour-Feronce, M. Comert and Mr. E. J. Phelan

...d hand-shaking and top-hats"

# ...ll of Babel

restoring the credit of war-ridden Europe. He plans to restore general prosperity to Europe by international action. The task bristles with difficulties which nobody of a lesser calibre than himself would be able to overcome.

But perhaps the most remarkable man at Geneva is Dr. Rajchman. He was born in Poland, when it was under the sway of the Tsar. He was brought up in an atmosphere of Polish nationalism, and before he was out of his 'teens found himself in jail for his political views.

## Poor, but happy

He escaped and came to England, where he spent what he describes as the happiest days of his life. He worked in a bacteriological laboratory, and eked out his meagre earnings by translating English political books into Polish.

During the war he continued to render services to the Allied cause as a medical specialist. When the war was over he went back to Poland.

From a sanitary and medical point of view he found the country in a terrible condition. Typhus was rampant; smallpox and relapsing fever were rampant. There was no organisation to cope with disease. He set to work to build up one.

Despite the fact that Poles, Reds and Whites and stray Germans were fighting over the country, he organised an ambulance convoy. With this he set out on his mission of healing.

Once he tried to cross the ground between two fighting armies. In the trenches he found men of the famous Death's Head Hussars barring his way. This did not deter him. As he himself remarks: "Five marks each soon settled the Death's Heads."

When this work was accomplished, Dr. Rajchman joined the staff of the League, as head of the Health Section. There he still remains.

One more pillar of the League must be mentioned—the head of the Information Section. Without his services that publicity which is the very life-blood of the League would be lacking. To M. Comert is due the fact that the international Press is properly fed.

That Comert is a journalist goes without saying. He has served on the staff of several French papers, but it was as a young traveller that he obtained his wide outlook.

Amongst his staff is M. Zilliacus, perhaps the most international of Geneva's international crowd.

The son of a Finnish father and an English mother, he was born in France. He soon went to Sweden, but was educated at an English public school. His University was in Germany. During the war he was with the Czechs in their famous retreat across Siberia to Vladivostok. There he met his future wife, a Russian Pole.

## Speaks all tongues

This mixture of nationalities speaks English, French and German like a native. He speaks Finnish with a Swedish accent and *vice-versâ*. He is fluent in Russian, Czech and Polish.

He has mastered Italian and Spanish well enough to make a speech in them. He knows some Chinese, and has more than a passing acquaintance with Dutch.

A man like this is a treasure to an international organisation like the League. He was Bernard Shaw's henchman last year, and when the Russians come he acts as their guide, philosopher and friend. He is at home with anyone, in fact.

Distinct from the League headquarters in organisation, but working in close harmony with it, is the International Labour Office. This great institution is housed in a gauntly hideous building, and staffed by more than 350 men and women of thirty-four nationalities.

How does this great staff find enough to do? What value do the nations who allow this office £350,000 a year receive for their money? Is it worth to this country the £34,000 a year which Britain subscribes?

Who are behind this organisation which co-ordinates wages, working conditions and similar matters for the whole civilised world?

## A fountain

First and foremost comes the Director, Albert Thomas. Short, thick-set, with bushy beard and thick glasses, he pours forth a torrent of amazing eloquence upon every occasion. Just over fifty, he is in the prime of life.

The power that this French baker's son wields in international life is enormous.

Before the International Labour Office came into existence he was a Deputy in the French Chamber. He first came into prominence during the war as the first French Minister of Munitions. In 1917 he resigned this post to become French Ambassador in Russia for a few months.

On his return he refused to enter into the Government again, and devoted himself to defending the view that peace would only be permanent if based on the principle of nationality.

He made himself so conspicuous by this effort that in 1920 he was proposed and elected as the first Director of the new International Labour Office.

Behind Albert Thomas looms the sinister figure of M. Viple, his principal secretary. At all meetings, either of the Labour Organisation or the League Assembly, his figure is to be seen standing discreetly on one side. With one hand he caresses his beard, the other is behind his back.

The most human figure on the office staff is E. J. Phelan, the head of the Diplomatic Division. His business is to smooth over difficulties; and well he does so.

Behind the main room at the annual conference is a large alcove, with tables and a bar. At moments of difficulty Phelan is to be seen handing out *apéritifs* to angry delegates and speaking in his smooth Irish accent.

## Good starter

The Deputy Director of the International Labour Office is also an Englishman and an ex-Civil Servant. He is Mr. H. M. Butler.

He was the man who during the war started every new department. He was one of the greatest men in Whitehall at the time. At the time of the Peace Conference, he was sent to Paris to be secretary of the Labour delegation.

Colonel Fleury is still on the French General Staff. He is a military man through and through. As head of the internal administration and of the staff, he keeps the Labour Office in order. His efficiency is great; but he is a martinet.

When some years ago it became necessary for the Office to be housed in a new building, the move was carried out under his supervision.

He drew up his plan of campaign in true staff fashion. General routine orders were issued, and woe to the man or woman who disobeyed.

## Beer and moonlight

Geneva is full of summer frocks, bathing parties, lager beer, speedboats, moonlight and string bands.

All this frivolity, however, is on the surface. Behind office doors, and in the intervals of lunch parties, men of good will drawn from every nation are earnestly striving to break down the barriers which prevent mutual understanding between nations, and to transform the high ideals of the League into fact and action.

I know no greater joy or solace than an easy chair and a Manikin. Restful smokes are Manikins—care vanishes as the smoke rolls upwards—Tasty, fragrant and soothing to the nerves. Staunch friends in times of trouble. Try a packet and you'll agree.

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# The

*"Certainty," he declared, taking the pencil and notebook I held out to him. And when his hands were together I clicked the handcuffs on his wrists*

*Illustrated by Illingworth*

*[Mr. Augustus Muir assures us that this is the unvarnished account of an actual series of events.]*

I HAD been so engrossed in my old friend MacIver's talk that my cigarette had burned right down to my fingers, and, cursing it heartily, I hurled it into the fire. MacIver laughed.

"That reminds me of a queer thing that happened to me once," he said, lying back in his chair and smiling at me out of his keen, grey eyes, the shrewdest eyes I think I have ever looked into.

On MacIver's face are clearly written the qualities that have helped him to rise from the ranks of the Police Force to be one of the really big swells at Scotland Yard.

I count it worth losing five hours' sleep any night of the week to hear the man tell of some of the strange people he has run up against.

"That reminds me," he repeated, "of a mighty queer thing that happened to me in the Border country soon after I joined the Force."

MacIver pronounces the word "Force" as though he were speaking of the most marvellous affair in all Christendom: it is his only vanity.

"The case," he continued, "has to do with the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I'm mebbe no great judge, I certainly never saw the woman yet that made me feel like—like, well, what's called falling in love.

"But if ever a woman made me melt with the sheer witchery of her, it was Lucille Vallandri.

"Ay, and she was a devil, yon young woman. A beautiful devil. She should have hung: I'm not joking. She missed it by the skin of her teeth.

"I'll tell you all about her—and the burning cigarette that cost the life of the man whose mistress she was at the time. . . .

"No; the facts never came out. He cheated the gallows before they even got him the length of trial; he kept poison ready in his wrist-watch."

As far as I was concerned (went on MacIver), it began one night when I was on duty at Battlekirk.

I had been in the district only about a couple of months, and I used to wonder how many years it would be before anything happened to break the awful monotony in yon out-of-the-way corner of the Borders.

I can mind how the rain was pelting down that night, and the wind from the Cheviots lashed round you like a whip.

I NEARLY gave three cheers when I saw a white smudge of light show up in the distance. It was a motor-car coming down from the North. So I wesn't the only body in Scotland out in the storm that night.

It cheered me up to watch the light getting nearer, and soon a big car went rushing past the cross-roads. Then I heard the brakes go on and the tyres grinding on the rough surface till the car stopped.

It started to reverse. It was a big, yellow limousine, I could see from the shelter of my doorway, and a man was leaning out of the driving-seat.

"Is it far to Milne Easter?" he enquired.

"Three miles, sir," I replied.

He thanked me, and began to turn back to the south road again. And then I saw something that took my breath away and left me standing on that road as stiff as the white sign-post beside me.

In turning the nose of the car, the headlamps had blazed into the shop window five or six yards away. The light was reflected back, just as if it had shone against a mirror. The driver was half-blinded. He swore good-naturedly, and swung the wheel quickly round. But not before I had seen into the back of the car.

A woman sat there, with dark furs round her face, and I'll never forget her expression. It was one of unspeakable horror.

Beside her a man lay huddled stiffly back on the cushions. Right up to his chin he was covered with a travelling rug. He was elderly and had thick grey hair. His skin was chalk white, and his eyes were wide open and staring straight upwards.

One quick glimpse of him was enough to tell me the important thing—the man was dead.

The limousine gathered speed and was gone. I stood there with my head buzzing round as I watched its shape getting less and less against the glow of its light ahead of it. And then the little red tail-lamp moved round the bend and disappeared.

I tell you I could have kicked myself right over the cross-roads and back again. I hadn't even had the gumption to cast an eye on its number-plate. A fine fool I'd look when I reported this to the sergeant, as I'd have to do—and I was to meet him in a little less than half-an-hour's time.

But Sergeant Gailes just laughed at me.

"A dead man?" he said. "You young fellows read ower much o' that sensational trash nowadays. Drunk, mebbe, but not dead. Na, na, MacIver."

But I wasn't satisfied. As I cycled back towards Battlekirk, I kept chewing the matter over. It was just before I got to the main road that an idea struck me, and instead of going home to bed I turned south towards Milne Easter.

SUDDENLY I had remembered that about a mile from the village was a big house called Black Weir—in fact the only house of any size round about. If that car was really making for Milne Easter, Black Weir was probably the actual destination.

Then I remembered something else. The house was shut up. It belonged to an old bachelor, whom I will call Sir Henry Elliston-Stewart.

I didn't know him by sight, but in the couple of months I'd been stationed at Battlekirk I had heard plenty about him.

He lectured to antiquarian societies, and was supposed to have a wonderful collection of antique Scottish and French jewels.

He was wealthy, of course, and they called him half-daft—seemingly he thought nothing of sending all his

# Body of Sir Henry

## REAL LIFE STORIES
### *by famous Authors*

## AUGUSTUS MUIR

### *Tells of a Stormy Night, a Pretty Woman and a Smart Capture*

rvants home on holiday for three onths, and going away on his travels, th Black Weir House shut up. Ay, d it was shut now.

I got off my cycle, and went forward the big iron gates. They were pad-rked. So that finished it.

It took me about two minutes to heel my cycle along the road, hide it a ditch, and climb over the high ne dyke beyond the lodge. The dge, I knew, was unoccupied—and d been since the head gardener left so there was no good trying to seek formation there.

The night was desperately black. ther than risk losing my way by king a short cut through the woods, preferred to trudge the quarter of a ile of twisting avenue. And a long arter of a mile it was.

Black Weir House, when I got to it, s the most dismal-looking thing you er saw—a great rambling place, with rrets and crow-step gables, and not chink of light showing anywhere.

And then, beside the doorway, I ade out the shape of a motor-car.

I walked round the car, and went up e steps to the front door. I was out to switch on my lantern, when y eye caught a slit of light in a win-w on my left. The curtains had en pulled close, but not close enough. craning out over the stone balus-ade, I was able to see into the room.

ON the table stood a lamp, and be-side it was a leather suitcase with the lid lying back. There were also two bunches of keys, e of them on a long chain.

And then I saw a detail that gave a jar.

I had run into the real thing at last! had been wishing that something uld happen to break the monotony life. Well, it looked like being oken into half a hundred bits now.

For a door stood open in the oppo-e wall of the room, with another all but very thick door of steel be-nd it. I could see enough to tell me at I was looking into an open safe.

I thought of Sergeant Gailes, and w long it would take to get hold of m. Hours, probably. That was no od. If I was going to do anything, had to do it myself—and at once.

Then I got a brain-wave. Whatever tion I took, they would try to get ay in the motor-car—it was their ickest means of escape. I went back wn the steps and opened up the nnet

I knew a little bit about motor-cars, d I shone my lantern in till I got the off the float-chamber, and saw the trol running out. I watched it till e last drop had gone; then I closed e bonnet, satisfied that I had scored e first point.

As I straightened up, I thought I ard a low thudding noise. It wasn't e bough of a tree in the wind; it was near at hand for that. Then I ticed another sparkle of light.

This time it was in the grating in e wall, close down to the ground. mebody, I knew, must be busy in e cellar. A queer occupation for ybody after midnight.

Flashing my lantern, I clanged the ll. I waited for a matter of three or ur minutes, then rang the bell again.

THE front door was at once thrown open, as if somebody had been waiting behind it in case I rang again. Half a dozen candles d been lit in the big hall, and stand-g in the doorway was the man who d been driving the motor-car.

"Good Lord!" he said, "I wondered o the deuce it could be at this time night. Come in, constable. It's too rned stormy to be out of doors."

was glad he had spoken first, for I s a bit flustered, and not very sure what line to take. I decided to go y cautiously, and bide my time.

"And what can I do for you, constable? Nothing wrong, eh?".

"Nothing, I hope, sir," I said. "I'm doing what I thought was my duty. I knew Sir Henry had been away for about a month, and hadn't come back, so, seeing the marks of a car at the gates, I thought I'd have a look round."

"Quite right," said the man at once. "Glad the police are so wide-awake. Didn't we pass you at the cross-roads, eh?"

"That's correct, sir."

"Thought so." He nodded. "Hadn't you better have a drink? It's a foul night."

He led me into a large room on the left, the one I had seen through the chink in the curtains. It was lined with books, and had some big carved furniture. The safe was closed, I noticed, and the door in the wall looked like any ordinary door.

The suitcase still lay on the table near the lamp, but it was shut. The bunches of keys had gone. Away at the other end of the room a fire was crackling and spluttering in a grate, as if it had only recently had a match put to it.

On the hearthrug, with her back to the fire, was the woman I had seen in the car. Her fur coat was open, her hat was off, and in the lamplight she looked wonderful. She was laughing and chatting with a man who sat in an armchair.

And then I saw that Providence had prevented me from making a great fool of myself. I couldn't see the man's face, for his back was to me, but I recognised his thick grey hair at a glance.

He was the man I had spotted beside her in the motor-car. A half-finished tumbler of spirits was on a little table at his elbow, and a long spiral of smoke curled up from the cigarette in his fingers.

"My wife and Sir Henry Elliston-Stewart," said Colonel Norgate, nodding in their direction. "It was only the local police constable," he called out to them. "I've brought him in for a drink."

The woman looked up, gave me a smile that set my raw young heart astir, wished me good evening, and went on chatting.

Colonel Norgate had stepped to the sideboard near the door, and was pouring me out a drink.

"Sir Henry turned very groggy on the way here," he said, in a lowered voice. "I thought we'd have to stop the night at some wayside pub and call in a doctor. However, a good stiff dose of brandy has pulled him together. I don't think it's anything very serious. . . . Yes, my dear?"

THE woman crossed the library with an empty glass. "Another drink for Sir Henry, Jim—he says he's feeling quite all right again." She turned to me.

Charm is a queer thing. That young woman stood talking to me by the sideboard for less than five minutes, but by the time she had finished I think I would have done anything in the world for her. Because she had merely taken notice of me, I felt a good two inches taller.

And then I remembered what I had done to their motor-car, and I wondered how in heaven's name I was going to blurt out what a fool I had been.

While the colonel was refilling my glass, I followed her in admiration with my eyes. She sauntered back to the hearth, carrying herself superbly with that easy swing of hers.

Then my eyes fastened on one detail, and for a long second I felt as though I'd had a sudden icy douche. Everything became plain to me—everything. The colonel handed me my glass.

"I wonder, sir," I said, in a steady voice, "if you'd mind signing my book? It'll keep me right with the sergeant to-morrow."

"Certainly," he declared, taking the pencil and notebook I held out to him. And when his hands were together, I clicked the handcuffs on his wrists.

WITH one leap I was at the door, and had locked it, and slipped the key in my pocket.

"What the hell are you getting at?" The man's face was twisted and white as I pulled a little automatic pistol from his hip-pocket.

"The murder of Sir Henry Elliston-Stewart," I said, "and the attempted robbery of his safe—with the keys you took from his body. It was a good idea to bury him in the last place they'd look for him—his own cellar."

The man was crouching like an animal, but he knew I had him beat. Everything I said was going home on him like successive blows.

"You had to pull the wool over me somehow," I said, watching him closely. "You had to convince me he was still alive. When you saw me there at the front door just now, you knew I'd seen too much back at those cross-roads.

"Ay, well, I compliment ye both, and specially the lady. You're clever devils, the two of you. But for one thing—ay, one thing only—I'd have left this house without a single suspicion in my mind—which is what ye've been playing for."

I pointed towards the hearth.

With a cry, the woman ran forward. But the grey-haired man, who sat with his back to us, had not stirred. His white hand rested on the arm of his chair.

The lighted cigarette had burnt right down until it had charred the flesh of the dead fingers.

## NEXT WEEK:

### *A True Life Story of the Race Track in Australia*

## PURE LUCK

*by*

*Alice Grant Rosman*

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*His mother found how vital a good breakfast is to success in school*

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*June, 1929.* *Nurse H., Deal, Kent.*

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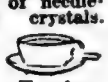

*Tasteless in Tea*

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# REFEREES WHO RUIN FOOTBALL

***Do they cause rough play?***

*The referee must cover more ground than agile forwards*

FOOTBALL is our greatest winter game. No one is going to question that. And it has become not only a game for Britons, but a national pastime in a dozen other countries, from Germany to Uruguay.

Tens of thousands go to watch each match; the number of spectators runs into many millions during a season. You would not think that in all those countless hosts there would be one topic on which there was practically unanimity.

But there is. It is the vexed question of refereeing.

The most unbiased, the most generous-minded person cannot deny the fact that the standard of refereeing, both in this country and abroad, is far from good.

This is not meant to imply—at any rate so far as Britain is concerned—that referees favour one side at the expense of the other.

We have not yet sunk so low as that.

Yet, somehow or other, referees seem to get worse and worse.

## *Three faults*

They do not see the most obvious malpractices; they penalise almost without exception the good, honest shoulder charge; and, although the new off-side rule has made things much easier for them, they even now make mistakes, and grievous mistakes, in off-side ruling.

These are the three worst grievances against modern referees.

That of "not seeing" is the most prevalent, and undoubtedly the worst of these faults.

It gives the player who is out to take advantage of a weak official the idea that it is safe for him to attempt anything.

But, over and above that, it infuriates the man who, though more sinned against than sinning, gets the blame.

Two recent outstanding cases concerned internationals, players of skill and ability, who had no need to stoop to foul play to hold their own.

It happened that opponents fouled them so that they became sufficiently angry to "get their own back." They did so. The referee saw their offences; but he had been blind, unwittingly perhaps, to the first and major crime.

The point is this: the players who first offended and went unpunished will have little regard for the authority of referees; and their little pranks will continue, to the detriment of the game and of the good name of their clubs.

More capable refereeing would bring it home forcibly to players that they could not commit foul acts on the field and not suffer for them.

There are referees who have "personality." And the players in the games they control know full well that there must be no "hanky-panky."

Only a few years ago such a referee had charge of a match in the North, and in the early stages a home player questioned his decision.

The game was stopped. The referee said, "Do you know who I am?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I'm So-and-so." That referee had no more trouble in that match.

One of the worst cases of "not seeing" occurred not long ago.

In a certain team were two players of similar build and looks; one of them had a reputation for—shall we say?—robust play, while the other was scrupulously fair.

The referee knew this, and when a foul was committed by the first player he was so anxious to make an example of him that he ordered the wrong man off the field.

There's the funny side of this sending-off business, too.

Two very well-known players quarrelled during a match which was of considerable importance to one of the sides engaged. Matters came to a head towards the end of the second half, and the visiting player was ordered to the dressing-room.

The fun came afterwards, during the train journey home. The referee was travelling with the visiting team, and the penalised player asked him why he had been sent off. "For retaliating," came the answer. "But," protested the player, "he retaliated first!"

## *Fair charging*

The complete inability of referees to recognise a fair shoulder charge when they see one is a blot on the game.

It upsets players, who feel that they will be penalised every time they touch an opponent, and gives spectators a false impression of their conduct.

Errors in administrating the off-side rule are not so frequent as they were before the rule was simplified. But, even so, they occur all too often, and only because the referee has not kept up with the ball.

While granting that a referee must always give the impression to players and spectators alike that he has a complete command of affairs, it is still very easy for him to carry things too far.

We mean that he has two linesmen, who are there not only to indicate where a throw-in shall be made, but also to help the referee.

Good linesmen can become very valuable assistants in the control of the game. Yet it is a common sight during a League match to have a linesman frantically flag-wagging without the official in charge taking the slightest notice.

## *Winking*

Add to these sins a maddening tendency to wink at all kinds of petty time-wasting tricks by players—these, surely, come under the heading of ungentlemanly conduct—and the case against the modern referee is complete.

What is the remedy?

You might make the examinations which referees must pass even more severe, and yet find that the finished products were incapable of seeing everything they should see in a match.

Far better than that is the appointment of two referees for every League match—each to control one half of the field.

This idea has the blessing of many leading players and officials in the game, and seems to have little against it.

Hockey has two umpires—one to each half of the field—and football, surely, is just as fast.

Such an arrangement, moreover, would not place such a tax on the physical strength of referees as is now imposed.

Spectators, watching the players, do not realise the mere stamina needed to keep up with a fast game. The referee must cover far more ground than ever the most agile forward: and he is generally a man ten years older than the majority of the players he controls.

Referees certainly do their best. But their best is no longer enough to control a fast, hard-fought game. Appoint two referees is the obvious—and only—remedy.


## THIS TELEGRAM

*Might have come from You!*

"Just received thousand pound telegram. Am knocked out. Can't adequately express myself now. Shall try to in letter following.—John Maclean, 3, Guthrie Street, Edinburgh."

Mr. Maclean's excitement is understandable. "I am an unemployed storekeeper," runs his letter, which followed, "so you may dimly realise how I feel over my wonderful good fortune. I can say without hesitation that 'Bullets Bulletin' put me on the track of the £1,000."

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See details, with particulars of the huge offer closing this week, on page 35.

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No. 6


# HEALING *the* PETS *of the* POOR

*Stepping in where "vets." refuse to tread*

STRONG criticism was made of the work and methods of the famous People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor by Lieut.-Col. J. Wakefield Rainey, of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, in a recent issue of JOHN BULL.

It was the first of two articles—for and against—which we decided to publish, in order to clear up once and for all a controversial issue that has been debated privately in the animal world for some years, and over which there has been much bad feeling.

Mrs. Dickin, the Honorary Director of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, has a good answer to Colonel Rainey's charges.

The most sensational of them related to the case of a horse which Col. Rainey alleged was being treated for "something wrong with its liver," when, in fact, it was suffering from a fractured spine.

"As far as I know," Mrs. Dickin tells us, "Lieut.-Col. Rainey has only once inspected our hospital in Commercial Road, and that was four years ago. A lady had received permission to go over the institution, and she brought with her a friend who was interested in sick animals.

"This friend was Lieut.-Col. Rainey, and on the occasion of his visit—four years ago—he did actually see a sick horse in slings.

"If this horse was suffering from a broken spine, as Lieut.-Col. Rainey alleges, then our liver powders worked a miraculous cure; for the horse made a complete recovery, and when last we heard from its owner it was working regularly between the shafts and in better health than ever. So much for Lieut.-Col. Rainey's wonder horse."

## *Friend of the poor*

Controversy apart, there is no doubt that the People's Dispensary, to which the Prince of Wales has given his patronage, is doing a great charitable work for animals, which was long neglected by the professional veterinary surgeons.

The poor man, when sick, could get the best medical attention free at the hospitals. But when his horse or his pet was ill there was no institution to which he could apply.

Twelve years ago Mrs. Dickin, who had spent much of her life working in the slums, saw a dog run over in the East End, and knew of no place to which it could be taken to end its agonies.

Then and there she decided to start the P.D.S.A. with one assistant. From the first it was a success.

Now, with fifty-five dispensaries in London and the provinces, seven caravans, which are despatched every year by the Lord Mayor of London to tour rural England, and a staff of over 150, it deals with nearly 750,000 sick or injured animals every year.

That is the bare record of the work done, and except in cases of emergency, every animal treated belongs to a person who is too poor to pay for the services of a "vet."

There is a strict rule in this respect. In every dispensary the name and address of the nearest "vet." is prominently displayed, and all who can afford it are told to go straight to him. As for the others, if there was no P.D.S.A., their animals would be left to suffer unaided.

## *Poor Peter's penny*

Costers and hawkers struggling to make both ends meet with the help of a pony or a donkey old women living in one room with a cat for company, children who have a dog and whose fathers are casual labourers—these are the people who come appealing for help for their sick dumb animals.

A few days ago a JOHN BULL representative called unannounced at the dispensary at 542, Commercial Road, E., in the very centre of one of the busiest and poorest parts of London.

"I watched," he writes, "an almost continuous stream of poor folk bringing their sick animals to be cared for. There were ex-Service street traders with ponies and horses, on which they depended for their livelihood.

"To many a coster and hawker the People's Dispensary is a friend in need, and the records I afterwards saw show cases, not singly but in dozens, where wounded ex-Service men and others have not only had their ponies cured, but have been helped through their difficulties by grants or the loan of a horse while their own was being treated, or by advances of money to re-stock their barrows.

"The staff, though not professionally qualified as veterinary surgeons, have to undergo a course of four years' training before being passed as efficient. Lectures and demonstrations go side by side with practical work, and learners witness thousands of animals under skilled treatment before they are allowed to perform operations. Nowhere else is so thorough an experience obtainable."

Where animals have to be destroyed to save them from useless suffering this is done, not in a "holocaust," as Lieut.-Col. Rainey alleges—whatever he may mean by that—but by giving them a sufficient dose of chloroform to kill them.

This, of course, is a painless death, and the method adopted has the approval of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The entire staff of the P.D.S.A. is paid regular wages. This kills all suspicion that the helpers encourage folk to bring back their animals for another dose of physic, merely as an excuse for collecting a second commission.

At Commercial Road, as at all centres, there is a collecting-box, and almost everyone, even the poorest, puts in a copper or two.

An ill-clad, sobbing boy whose dog had been chloroformed hesitated as he went out, and when asked what he was looking for, he gulped through his tears: "I want to put a penny in the box for poor Peter."

He didn't have one.

At Wanstead the dispensary has now opened an animals' sanatorium, where donkeys and ponies and cats, weary of trudging the London streets, may go for a spell of rest among the green fields.

## *Kindness encouraged*

Four horse-ambulances have been established, and wherever a horse is injured in one of London's too-frequent accidents, the police just telephone the dispensary and an ambulance is rushed out to the spot.

A pony club has been formed to bring wild ponies from the New Forest. After they have been trained they are sold to the poorer street traders. By providing new ponies cheaply the P.D.S.A. saves many a animal from being kept in harness after it is long past work.

The society also carries on a noble work in teaching the duty of kindness to animals. In the worst districts of London Mrs. Dickin found, when she started, that cruelty to animals was a common occurrence.

Children were actually found playing football with a live kitten. Men used to make dogs drunk for sport. Birds had their eyes put out with red-hot wires to make them sing more sweetly.

These things, if they happen at all, are now exceptional; and instead of being taken for granted, they arouse the worst streets to anger.

Much of the credit for this is due to the P.D.S.A. and the shining example of its ceaseless work on behalf of suffering animals.

# WANTED

**One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.**

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety.
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**Apply J. RENSHAW & SONS, LTD.**
**Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.**



# 'Plus Two'

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**are as big**

**and as good**

**as any 10 for 6d.**

**cigarettes**

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2 P.T.

# 'It's 'ow you set about it, Mum!' —*says Mrs. Rawlins*

"Many's the time I've gone round to one of my places in the morning and the missis has said 'It's a 'eavy wash this week Mrs. Rawlins' and my word, Mum, it 'as been!
But it's knowing 'ow to set about it and not letting yourself get put about as counts. Put Reckitt's Blue in your rinsin' water and you're sure of one thing as you've got to watch. That's a real glistening white for your white things. And then when you come to the ironing, Robin Starch is a proper 'elp, Mum. If I was to give you advice about ironing I couldn't do better than just say Robin Starch. It's all wrapped up for you in Robin, Mum. The easy start, it being a powder starch—the nice gliding iron—and a gloss on everything like a bit of silver."

**RECKITT'S BLUE**
**AND**
# ROBIN
# *Starch*

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL AND LONDON



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Read how Mrs. Pratt was restored to health after years of suffering. Hall's Wine owes its wonderful restorative properties to valuable nutrients found in no other wine. For over 35 years it has been unrivalled as a tonic restorative in **Anæmia, Convalescence, Neuralgia, Debility, Depression and all run-down conditions.**

*"I have been ill for 3 years... I am still very weak but find after having had several bottles of Hall's Wine I am a different person. I can walk about now for a short time and would not be without your Hall's Wine. One feels the strength returning after a few doses. I find nothing to equal it for giving one strength."*

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*THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE*

LARGE BOTTLE, **5/6** SMALLER SIZE, **3/3**

*Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.*

WHY is a dog's skin *non-porous?*

DOGS suffer a great deal of discomfort and minor illhealth in hot weather owing to their non-porous skin, but it should be remembered that this non-porous skin is their only protection against sudden cold weather.

The skin is non-porous because it covers a layer of fat which prevents the blood being chilled, and so long as the skin is strong and healthy the dog is naturally protected against climatic changes.

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**For your dog's sake always keep a packet handy.**

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*TASTELESS*
**CONDITION POWDERS**

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per packet of 6 powders, from a good Dog Biscuit Shop and Chemists.

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**GOOD HEALTH**
*for* **1D. A WEEK**

When people ask "How are you?" and you reply with "Middling!" or "So-so!", do you realise that in nine cases out of ten the very root is bowel trouble?

You will never feel really fit until you regularly cleanse the bowels, *at least* once a day. Any doctor will tell you that.

Try this for a night or so. Chew a FEEN-A-MINT TABLET before you go to bed, and see how much better you feel. As soon as regular habits are formed a tablet a week will keep you fit.

There is no taste whatever, except the delicious, refreshing mint, but they will remove the most stubborn condition—without griping or purging. They work gently, naturally . . . but surely—in 8-10 hours if you are lying down, in 2-4 hours if you are active. It is a pleasant sweetmeat, wonderfully effective. It doesn't gripe, and doesn't form a habit.

*Expectant and nursing mothers find them invaluable. Children love them.*

Get a 1/3 box from your chemist to-day.

**Feen-a-mint**
THE CHEWING LAXATIVE

*Send 3d. for Free Sample Packet.*

FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LTD.
Bush House,
Aldwych,
London, W.C.2.

# ONLY the RICH are SHABBY

*by*
## *Kathlyn Rhodes,*
***the popular novelist***

*A girl of to-day, smart and free from dusty draperies, looks with amusement on a group of positive fashion-plates belonging to pre-war days*

ONE afternoon last week, I saw in front of me the figure of a girl. She was dressed in excellent taste. Her clothes were simple: a well-fitting, smart coat, light-coloured stockings, neat shoes, and a small hat. They combined to create a picture that attracted me.

In due course, as I passed her, she turned her head. She was the maid employed by one of my friends—her afternoon off.

I was surprised; and yet, when I thought about it, I wasn't. For in her was epitomised the silent revolution of the twentieth century.

She is a girl possessing no more than average good looks and she is a country girl.

Fifteen years ago she would have been recognised at once both as a country girl and as a maid. But to-day it is a different matter. One never knows now.

It is, I think, all to the good that the girl of humble circumstance should be able to face the world on equal terms with her more favoured sister.

We realise to-day that appearance has a decided value. It is not a question of deceiving anybody, but one of presenting the best possible front, and in this clothes count.

### *No inspiration*

Yesterday the appearance of the country girl was definitely countrified. I think, too, that yesterday a maid rarely thought of looking smart. Why? Well, because she did not know how to do so.

Her ideas of dress were extremely limited, and her education gave her no inspiration for striking out on her own with effect.

There are reasons behind all revolutions, and in searching for the reasons behind this amazing growth of "clothes-sense," I find the first in the modern newspaper.

Had the revolution been confined to the middle classes I should have suggested that the modern magazine, with its up-to-the-minute dress sections and its Paris correspondent, was responsible.

But while that has helped, the girls and women who have benefited most are not of the type that reads high-class magazines.

So, the more I think of it, the more sure I am that the daily newspaper has educated millions of my own sex on dress.

### *Papers did it*

An interesting point is that the newspaper has achieved this result not entirely of its own volition. Granted the women's pages contain suggestions, hints and illustrations galore; but such things, again, are comprehended only by better-educated readers.

No, the maid looks just as neat and as attractive as the mistress mainly because of the advertisements in the daily papers.

Am I not right?

The growth of newspaper advertising of women's clothes has been phenomenal in these post-war years. Not a single advertisement of this type but has depicted a well turned-out girl.

Day after day this image of herself has been thrust before the maid's eyes, and, however perfunctory her glance, she simply had to see it, and she could not help comparing it with herself. Why should not she look as attractive as the girl in the picture? Why not indeed!

Advertisements alone, however, could not have achieved this remarkable end. The manufacturers have done their share.

Modern methods of manufacture have made it cheaper for the girl with the limited purse to buy beautiful clothes from the big and the small shops than from the local dressmaker whose ideas remained "local" and whose workmanship was twenty years behind the times.

Materials are far and away better and cheaper than they were in pre-war days.

To-day we have artificial silk, and we have an infinite variety of dress materials actually "at prices to suit all purses."

Dress designing has become a profession of the first importance in everyday life.

Into industry has come a race of men and women who know how to use materials, how to design frocks which are intrinsically beautiful and which meet modern requirements exactly.

## *The Fury in a Bottle*

BEWARE of cleaning clothes with petrol in the vicinity of a naked light.

Many JOHN BULL readers have learned of the danger only when a flash and a roar resounded in their ears and flames commenced to lick up their precious possessions.

Practise "Safety First" always; but if the Fire Fury should visit your home see that you are registered with JOHN BULL.

*(Published by the* JOHN BULL *Insurance Department in the interests of "Safety First.")*

With those men and women go those other artists who design the materials. Planned to secure effects, these materials are used by the designers to effect, and whether the material is costly or cheap, the effect is there for all to see.

### *Simple keynote*

Simplicity is undoubtedly the keynote of modern dress, but the materials are by no means simple in their designs.

Manufacturers quickly discovered that it paid in hard cash to provide cheap stuffs that were also decorative.

Consider for a moment the growth in the use of paper patterns. No girl can avoid paper patterns. They are offered to her—and they represent the brains of an expert who commands a high salary—at a cost which is quite trivial.

They are complete, and the girl must helpless with her fingers can use such a pattern, and can turn out the finished frock without any difficulty whatever. The paper pattern has brought the resources of the factory to the kitchen.

Finally, the general influence of education has had its share in the "silent revolution."

The modern girl has a far greater knowledge of dress and appearance than her aunt ever had.

She knows more about materials, she knows better how to do things for herself; even if she does not talk much about it, she understands aesthetics much better.

From infancy onward dress is on simpler, much more attractive, lines, and the modern girl, without thinking much about it, falls into line.

To-day the "silent revolution" in appearance is complete. How often is the eye offended by the appearance of a girl?

Is it not the case that our streets present a picture of style and fitness which adds to the pleasure of walking through them?

### *Never going back*

To-day, in fact, if we see a shabbily-dressed woman we feel instinctively that she must be rich—and somewhat eccentric.

The newspapers and magazines, the paper patterns, the manufacturers of materials, the designers and the artists have combined to produce a complete change in the appearance of women—a change, indeed, that will never be superseded.

# This pen costs only 2/6

yet looks and IS as good as high-priced pens.

**A.1. MAJOR** *–the latest Platignum triumph with greater ink capacity, better writing nib, and Instant-Flow device..*

**No pen that you can buy at any price will give you better writing service than this pen gives.**

You can expect, and you will get, 100 per cent. efficiency from the Platignum A 1 Major, for every pen must pass the strictest test before it leaves the factory. Try this new Platignum Model at your stationers to-day. It holds more ink than any pen of like size. Its nib is fashioned to make writing easier. Instant flow device assures ink at the nib point as it touches paper. Spend 2/6 to-day and get the most efficient pen you have ever used.

The Triple Mottle model, as illustrated, shows three distinct ripples of mottle, a unique and attractive colour effect hitherto unobtainable; also a black model with unusually attractive chasing, which gives it a neat and refined appearance.

The Platignum 1/3 model is obtainable in Black, Tan, Triple Wave, Blue, Green and Yellow and Green, Blue and Red mottled, with fine, medium, broad, oblique or A1 Standard Nib.

**The NIB**

Of Platignum metal, hard as iridium yet malleable as gold. Uncorrodible by any ink in any climate. Shape selected after extensive tests, assuiting the majority of hands. It improves all handwriting and makes writing easier.

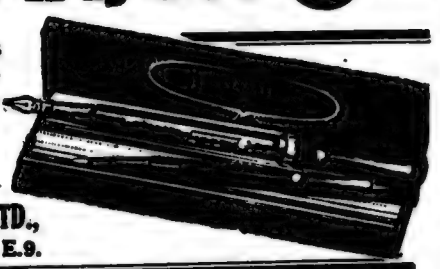
**INSTANT FLOW Device.**

When cap is screwed on, nib is enclosed in air-tight compartment. Thus it is always moist and ready to write. This feature is found in no other pen at the price.

**Your Stationer sells them—**

# Platignum A.1. MAJOR 2/6

**PLATIGNUM WRITING SET** consisting of any one of the famous 1/3 Platignum Pens and Platignum Pencil to match - - **2/6**



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*Chairman, Drages, Ltd.*

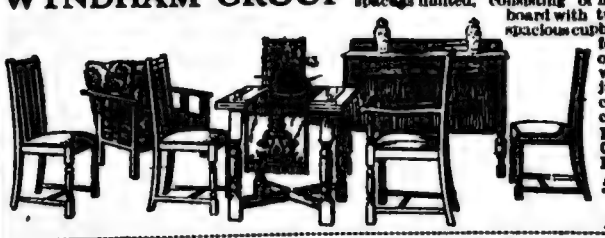
**WOODVILLE GROUP** This attractive Dining Room Group finished in rich shade of nut brown Oak is especially suitable for rooms where accommodation is limited. The well-constructed Sideboard is 3 ft. 6 in. in width, with two drawers and two cupboards, £6 : 10 : 0. A Gateleg Table 3 ft. 6 in. in width, £3 : 7 : 6. four small Chairs with drop-in Rexine seats £1 : 5 : 0 each, and two exceptionally comfortable Rexine covered Easy Chairs, £4 : 4 : 0 each.

PRICE COMPLETE 19 Gns. SEND **10/-** ONLY. *10/- Monthly After*

**DURHAM GROUP** Very pretty Suite, suitable for small room, soundly constructed in Oak. Wardrobe fitted with hanging rod. Dressing Table with two deep drawers and mirror. Dressing Chest with large cupboard, and one Chair. £14 : 15 : 0. 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather bolster and two feather pillows, £9 : 15 : 0.

PRICE COMPLETE £24 : 10 : 0 SEND **10/-** ONLY. *10/- Monthly After*

**WYNDHAM GROUP** Attractive Oak Dining Room Suite, very useful where space is limited, consisting of handsome 4 ft. Sideboard with two drawers and two spacious cupboards, drawleaf Table, four small Chairs and one Carver Chair. A very comfortable adjustable Bed Chair covered in a variety of choice tapestries.



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**BEDROOM GROUP C** Very attractive Group finished in medium or dark shade of Oak, consisting of 3 ft. 6 in. beautifully carved quarter-panelling Wardrobe with long mirror and linen drawer, £12 : 0 : 0. Dressing Table with shaped mirror and four drawers and Dressing Chest with two drawers and spacious cupboard, £13 : 5 : 0, two Chairs, SUITE £25 : 10 : 0. 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead to match, £4 : 10 : 0, or complete with spring mattress, overlay, feather bolster and two feather pillows, £10 : 10 : 0.

GROUP COMPLETE £35 : 0 : 0 SEND **15/-** ONLY. *15/- Monthly After.*

**THE CLARIDONE SIDEBOARD - GRAMOPHONE**

A charming combination of Sideboard and Gramophone composed of choice figured Oak 5 ft. in width, with central cabinet for records and two drawers for cutlery or plate. When closed is a beautiful sideboard. The illustration shows it open with gramophone. The Gramophone has a double-spring British-made Collaro silent-running motor—"Chimes" sound-box ensuring the finest tone and reproduction. A delightful instrument.

PRICE £16 : 10 : 0 SEND **12/-** ONLY. *12/- Monthly After.*

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**"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.**

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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SHIRTS COLLARS & PYJAMAS

THE man who buys "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas mainly for economy's sake is apt to be surprised by their unusual service and good looks. Style is woven into the fabric—and the making is really careful and thorough.

A "Wemco" Fabric

See the Tab in every Garment. None Genuine Without.

Write to (Dept. 15a) 19, Watling St., London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

*"Tremola"—Made by the Manufacturers of "Tricoline."*

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WRITE NOW! IT'S FREE!

Handsome Nickelled Watch accurately timed dust proof case, complete with strap. Lady's or Gent's size

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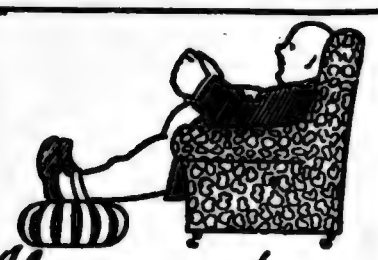
H. SAMUEL Ltd. (Dept. 199), Market St., Manchester.

Write to-day!



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# A PERFECT PRIG'S NE'ER-DO-WELL COUSIN

## *and his Uneasy Conscience*

KNOWN throughout my district as a "man of means," as such I have become firmly established as a leading business man in the county.

As an orphan I was brought up by my elderly uncle, a widower with one son. I and my cousin were treated as brothers by my uncle, who spared no expense to have us well educated.

He gave us both every opportunity to broaden our minds, engaging a travelling tutor that we might visit the Continent.

It was on one of these holiday tours that certain vicious traits in my cousin's character began to show themselves.

He escaped the supervision of our tutor; and did not turn up at our hotel until the small hours.

I said nothing, but the tutor reported the occurrence. There was a row when we got home, and my cousin amended his ways. But when we went on from school to college he broke out again.

He consorted with low females, drank, gambled, and ran into debt. There is but one end to such conduct, and it came with surprising suddenness.

ON the very day that I won a valuable scholarship my unruly cousin was "sent down" by the college authorities.

The blow to my uncle was terrible, and his rage against my cousin unbounded.

He vowed he would make a new will cutting off such a wastrel son without a shilling, and after high words my cousin left home.

I stayed on at college, sorry but helpless, working until my degree was won.

I then entered the business, but from then on my uncle was a changed man, quiet and subdued.

The years passed on; I became a partner. My uncle died suddenly of heart failure, and I found he had left me his sole heir.

My cousin, when he knew, went further to the bad than ever. I make him a quarterly allowance, but otherwise keep my pockets buttoned.

I have married, and three sons and two daughters are doing well at college. I have in hand many projects, both private and public, that my uncle's wealth has made possible.

It was while I was studying the plans for some public work I mean to put in hand that I pulled out a drawer to retrieve a paper that had slipped behind.

I found it, and something more besides—a document that shows that my uncle repented the harshness he had shown to his erring son.

The paper I unearthed is a draft of a new will which my uncle had evidently intended to make had he lived. In it he makes me "joint heir," and hopes that this "practical sign of a father's forgiveness will lead to his son's complete reformation."

Legally, I am in a secure position, but I am tortured day and night to know what is my duty morally.

"HUMANIST" says: Look up your cousin, carry out your uncle's wishes by giving him a stake in his father's business, and try to make a man of him.

If you had done this years ago instead of concentrating exclusively on feathering your own nest, while at the same time behaving like a prig, you and he might now have been partners, and your moral right to your wealth as indisputable as your legal one.

*Homely Wisdom by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

# The ex-KAISER KNEW

A FRIEND of mine of English birth, though now resident in America, told me that on one occasion, many years ago, he heard the ex-Kaiser preach an excellent sermon from the text "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

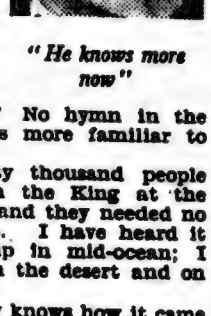
Said my friend: "He really seemed to feel what he was saying. At one point in the sermon he paused and said impressively: 'He loves me, the head of the German nation; and this means more to me than to be Kaiser. He loves the humblest servant in my Court, the lowliest workman in my realm, the simplest soldier in my army or sailor in my fleet. Here we are all equal. No earthly distinction counts in comparison with this.'"

I am sure some who read these words will be astonished thereat.

WE can hardly think of the bombastic German Emperor who was keeping the world uneasy twenty years ago using language of this kind and meaning it—that the fact of greatest value to him in life was that he believed himself to be dear to One Who, as a man among men, had toiled for His living as a carpenter in Palestine and been put to a cruel death for trying to do good.

Yet probably the royal preacher was sincere enough then, and knows more now of what the service of Christ requires than when he spoke from a throne. The Carpenter of Nazareth has nothing in common with pride and vainglory, yet all the potentates of the world put together count for less than He in dominion over the human soul.

Many of us listened over the wireless recently to a great choir singing "Jesu, Lover of my soul." No hymn in the English language is more familiar to everybody.



*"He knows more now"*

More than ninety thousand people sang it along with the King at the Wembley Stadium, and they needed no book for the words. I have heard it sung on board ship in mid-ocean; I have joined in it in the desert and on the mountain-top.

But not everybody knows how it came to be written nor what was its original form. Charles Wesley did not write "Lover of my soul." The word he wrote was "Refuge," and this was the way of it.

He was standing on a cliff looking over the English Channel on a stormy day, and a small bird migrating from the south dropped into his breast and nestled there unable to fly any farther.

Charles Wesley cherished the little thing and bore it into safety. When he reached home he sat down and wrote:

"Jesus, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

I wish the revisers of the hymn had left the original phrasing untouched. And I am utterly at one with the ex-Kaiser in this, that the fact of greatest moment to mankind to-day is Christ.

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "Humanist" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

## DO THEY VOTE *for his boots?*

A MINER keenly interested in public affairs, both national and municipal. I am also loyal to the King and Constitution.

Three years ago I decided to stand as an Independent candidate in a municipal election in one of the most important towns of South Wales.

This needed courage, for the place was a hotbed of Communism. I was told that if I persisted, a crowd of over a thousand of rabid "Reds" were determined to rush my platform.

The temper of the town, however, proved less violent than my opponents would have me believe; and I not only secured good hearing, but also substantial support. The poll was a heavy one, and I only missed becoming a town councillor by about forty votes.

My supporters secured my promise to stand again whenever the seat became vacant.

This will occur in November, and I should like to keep my promise, but—can I do it in my present plight?

Things have gone badly with me. I am behindhand with my liabilities; my clothes are threadbare, and the only boots I possess are a pair of cast-offs too big for me. I am too proud to explain this to my supporters, but how otherwise can I excuse myself from redeeming my promise?

"HUMANIST" says: Don't be so foolishly sensitive. Since it is no fault of yours that you are ragged and ill-shod, pay no attention to such accidents. Tell your supporters that you mean to stand; and unless they are a set of snobs they'll be as keen on your candidature as I am.

## CONDEMNED TO DIE *because she's poor*

I SUFFER from cancer. I try to be patient, but this is difficult. I would be more resigned if I knew that cure was absolutely hopeless.

But this, my doctor insists, is not the case. He is sure that radium treatment would not only ease my sufferings, but eventually cure me.

But with all the good will in the world he cannot procure this treatment for me.

The local infirmary has no stock of radium, but borrow what they need.

The radium is in the country, but only those with plenty of gold in their pockets can command it when it is needed for their cure.

Is it just or right, think you, that any sufferer from cancer should thus be doomed for lack of means to face a dreadful and lingering death?

"HUMANIST" says: My deepest sympathies are with you and your fellow-sufferers, but there is hope for you all. London's newest cancer hospital—the Marie Curie Hospital, which is manned and equipped by women for women. Only radium treatment is given here. I suggest that you get in touch with the secretary. The address is: Pitt-john's Avenue, London, N.W.3.

**on't envy *other* en's hair——use NZORA yourself !**

When a man's hair is smart and lustrous-looking—and it remains so—he uses ANZORA you may be sure. Only ANZORA can so thoroughly master the hair.

*ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.*

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*Masters the Hair!*

*Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.*

**THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION**

the one that removes the cause. digestion in its many forms is nearly ays due to excess stomach acid. This d ferments the food, causes painful s to form and finally attacks the icate stomach lining. Neutralise this rmful acid and you remove the cause indigestion. That is just what isurated' Magnesia does—quickly and ely. 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only utralises the injurious excess acid and perses the gas, but also soothes and als the inflamed lining of the stomach. therefore you want quick and lasting ief from indigestion, get a 1/3 package 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder tablets from your chemist.

*OTE.—A free sample can be obtained by plying to Dept. A/80, Bismag Ltd., aydon Road, London, N.16.*

**Delivered for 9/-**

THIS magnificent gramophone with 10 double sided records will be delivered free to your home on receipt of 9/-. Hand Carved oak cabinet, stands 37" high, has double spring motor, runs 8 minutes. Latest crystal clear and loud toned sound box. Many other models to choose from including all H.M.V. Columbia etc. Portables, Table Grands, Cabinets. All on easy terms. Write for full Catalogues No 45. All H.M.V. records stocked

WITH 10 DOUBLE SIDED RECORDS

**Crane & Sons Limited**
N. RIVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

**ZAM-BUK**
Marvellous For Healing
**Ulcers & Bad Legs**
OINTMENT

# Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY

# CADBURY'S HOLIDAY CHOCOLATE

*with almonds & raisins*

**1/-** half-pound and in 6d. blocks

**APPETITE QUICKLY IMPROVED**

Appetite will soon return, if you take one or two Carter's Little Liver Pills at bed-time. Small, sugar-coated, they act gently without pain. A doctor's prescription, they can be given to anyone in the family. 1/3 & 3/- packages.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

**The Essential of Beauty**
***Clear Youthful Skin***

USE Cuticura Soap daily to thoroughly cleanse the skin and keep it in a fresh, healthy condition. Assist with Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal any irritations. The favorite method of caring for the skin for the past fifty years.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Talcum 1s. 3d Sold everywhere
*For sample each address:* F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

**HOMOCHORD RECORDS**
*Electrically Recorded*

**2/6**

The last word in electrical recording; each record a faithful reproduction of the human voice and all the subtle beauty of every musical instrument. Famous artists and celebrated orchestras and dance bands only record for Homochord.

A high grade record for a modest price. Hear it—you will be delighted. Every record a gem. Our vast catalogue contains the whole gamut of music from classics to the latest dance music and "Talkie" songs. From all dealers. Catalogues free. The British Homophone Co., Ltd., 67 & 69, City Rd., E.C.1. *West End Show Rooms*—Shaftesbury Ave., corner Piccadilly Circ.

**10" DOUBLE SIDED**

*Every Revolution a Revelation.*

DUGGIE NEVER OWES

**Douglas Stuart** LM.

CES. AND CAMBS.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY
NO LIMIT

* * *

FOOTBALL

Six Leagues. Nothing Barred.

Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security

*Send for Lists.*

*Write To-day Don't Delay.*

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

**Safety First!**

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if forwarded in accordance with our Rules,

"YOU ARE ON"

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE (Dept. J.B.), 227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

*DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.*
ALL POSTAGE PAID.

CES. & CAMBS.
Send for price list, every horse quoted.

FOOTBALL
TEN LISTS.
6 Leagues, 5 Leagues, 4 Leagues, etc.

NOTHING BARRED IN ANY LEAGUE OR ON ANY LIST.

Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds combined with ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

# When I Saw RED

DURING the 1918 unemployment riot in George Square, Glasgow, I was one of the policemen sent to break up the mob. Broken necks of bottles were being used by the rioters.

In the thick of the resulting mêlée, I saw one of my mates receive a vicious jab in the face with one of these terrible weapons while stooping to help a fallen antagonist.

The grinning face of his cowardly assailant, together with the obvious anguish of my colleague, as he wiped the streaming blood from his eyes, threw me back a thousand years, and I lashed out with murderous intent.

Subsequently I learned that the rioter had sustained a fractured skull, but did not succumb.—*A. S., Glasgow.*

## Lashed to Rage

He had committed the unpardonable sin of the industrial school. He had escaped.

Three days later the authorities caught him and brought him back, hungry, tired and broken-spirited.

That night, before the whole school, he was told to undress and prepare for his punishment (six strokes with the birch).

Two boys were detailed to hold him as he lay upon the table to receive his punishment, and I was one of them.

One, two, three, four, five lashes—and his cries enraged me.

Just as the sixth stroke was about to descend, I rushed at the superintendent and bit, scratched and kicked him.

Result: six strokes for viciousness.

Why did I act so? Well, because that boy was my brother.—*O'Glynia, Wilts.*

## All for a Glass

A young woman, carrying a baby and leading a six-year-old child, stopped outside a pawnshop in one of our large cities, took off the child's overcoat and went inside.

She came out without the coat, went across the street to a public-house, placed the baby in the arms of the shivering child, and entered the public-house, leaving the poor kiddie outside holding the baby.

Seeing this, is there any wonder I saw red?—*Humanity, Manchester.*

## Valour Loses Pay

Whilst in the employ of a railway company, early in 1919, I received a letter ordering me to attend an investiture to receive the Military Medal.

I showed this to my superintendent, who congratulated me and gave permission to absent myself from work on the appointed day.

Imagine my feelings when I received my wages the following Friday—less one day's pay.—*W. S., Gorton.*

## Red Friendship

I saw red when I saw an old comrade of mine—an ex-Army officer—queueing up for a job worth 35s. per week, with little chance of getting it.

He told me he had been out of work since his discharge from the Army, had spent pounds and ridden and walked hundreds of miles in search of work, and was invariably told that "a man with a limp" was handicapped "on account of his appearance."

I had the pleasure of sacking one fellow who made that remark, and of putting my old Army pal in his place, at considerably more than 35s. per week.—*Employer, London.*

## The Skipper's Lie

An order to falsify the entry as to ship's draught in the official log-book. A refusal. I am chief officer, and tee-total, by the way.

A dangerously overloaded ship. Kudos for the captain, if we are lucky. He's "smart"—carries big cargoes. No kudos for the crew, who share the risks.

A cyclone, and a fight for life with the elements. We are crippled, but stagger into port, where I, a married man, am summarily dismissed.

Questioned, the company replies: "The captain charges you with drunkenness."

There is no redress. Yes, I certainly saw red.—*Plimsoll, Wallasey.*

## Blackmail

Years ago I made a slip, which resulted in my being sent to prison.

After an uphill fight, I was three years later foreman over a large number of men and women, doing my level best for my employer and those under my charge.

One morning a man came and asked for a job, and when I went down to interview him, I saw, to my horror, it was one of the men who had been "inside" when I was there.

He let me know there and then what he wanted—an easy job, good money, and no interference, otherwise he would split.

It was then I saw red. I told him to come back next day. Then I made a clean breast of everything to my employer.

The man returned next day for his answer; but it was my employer he saw him, and the answer he gave made the man see red in more ways than one.—*J. M., Dundee.*

## His Wedding-day

I saw red on August 8, 1922, when my wife informed me that all she had married me for in 1916 was a wedding-ring and the expectation of a widow's pension, as she understood that as I was going back to France there was little prospect of my return.—*Topsham Wallah.*

## Dirty Suds

Walking along a Scottish country road the other day, I saw a handsome motor-car draw up at a horse-trough.

Three young ladies and an elderly gentleman alighted and, going over to the trough, washed their hands and faces in it, leaving it a mess of muddy suds.

I have seen many horses drink at the trough. I saw red. They are not ladies and gentlemen who drive motor-cars.—*William G. Whyte.*

## From on High

While employed with a building firm I was on the top of a high chimney one day when I heard the screams of a mare employed in carting away rubbish.

The mare was in foal, and the brute human brute in charge of the animal was kicking it in the stomach.

The sight made me mad, and lifting a loose brick I took deliberate aim, and the brick struck him on the shoulder, knocking him down.

If I had aimed for his head, where he deserved to get it, he would never have drawn another week's wages.—*Hubert Cutbush, N.B.*

## Watching Out

During an attack of fever in India a native doctor came to attend me. I was in that state of fever where I could realise all that was going on, but was helpless to interfere.

I saw the doctor take my gold watch from the dressing-table.

Later, on charging him in court with the theft, his lawyer's defence was based on the state of my mind, and the doctor got away scot-free.

I saw red, three months later, when I ran across the doctor. He was looking at the time, and my watch was in his hand.—*T. Q., Stockport.*

* * *

## Letters in Little

The night before the day of our local flower-show someone invaded my garden and stole all my blooms. That's about seeing red!—*Ex-Amateur Rose Grower.*

Caged British birds always make me see red.—*C. H., Birmingham.*

To see red I have only to listen to my husband when he relates what he went through when a child at the hands of a stepmother.—*E. C., Stockport.*

When I am confronted by one beggar after another with the remark, "Please, children," while house-hunting, is there any wonder that I see red?—*Still Waiting, Penygraig.*

Acting as umpire in a deciding match of a league competition, I was walking back to the pavilion, when I was accosted by a batsman, who remarked, "You gave me out to keep in with the home crowd." He got no farther.—*Umpire, Scotland.*

A red fox came in broad daylight and grabbed my best Rhode Island Red layer, and returned next day for another. I then saw the red blood gushing from a red hole in his red side after a shot from a "choke bore."—*Red-boiled, Banbury.*

# Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 17.

## When the Smile Froze on My Lips

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# A TEACUP TWIST

MOST of the wrong 'uns in the bookmaking business, but not all, reside in Scotland. They have a better chance north of the Tweed of getting away with the swag.

A letter has been passed on to me this week from a reader who, unfortunately, introduced three of his friends to George Morton, trading at 57/58, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

As far back as Ascot they backed the Aga Khan's Teacup. Teacup won at 8 to 1; but they are still awaiting a cheque from Mr. Morton.

The correspondent says that Morton quotes the *Sporting Life* in his book of rules, and but for this fact he would not have had dealings with him.

There are approximately 20,000 bookmakers in the country, and there is no law to prevent any one of them from stating that he pays out over the *Life* prices, or that disputes will be settled by Tom, Dick or Harry.

A twisting bookmaker would quote the Lord Chief Justice if he thought it would entice a few more fish into his net. The only way to ensure a safe deal is to bet with the big men—nowadays they accept half-crown wagers—and, above all, study their rules.

The honest bookie is not a philanthropist. If you send him a letter postmarked an hour or so after the set time of a race you cannot expect to draw. As safety first measures post transactions overnight and register letters.

Now that the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are out, many backers will be sending to Scotland. In this case it is more important still to deal with the big advertisers.

*Lord Woolavington*

Scotland is the happy hunting-ground of the win-tie-or-wrangle brigade. Some time ago I heard of a firm which destroyed postal orders by the score, together with winning instructions, in order to evade payment.

I will discuss the big back-end double later, but in the meantime I think Lord Woolavington's Ghost Train has been given a great chance in the Cambridgeshire.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 12, to Wednesday, September 18, and will then be revised.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Q | N | T | U | A | S | 3 | 2 | E | F | W | D | P | Y | C |
| R | Z | L | H | I | 9 | K | O | J | M | V | G | X | B | 5 |

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. YQADTAIG2Q2 would read BRIGLIADORO.

"SILVER RING."

# JOHN NOBLES

WONDERFUL AUTUMN

## COAT OFFER

*— only 13/11 —*

**Model 52416.—A real Bargain Leader!** This warm Coat is a marvel of cheapness at 13/11. It has been produced in a good Tweed Suiting in small, broken check design, and the colour range includes pleasing mixtures of Marine Blue, Cedar/Fawn, Fawn/Dull Rose, and Brown Heather. Tailor-cut in the newest, semi-fitting shape, it has 2-button front, novel pockets trimmed with strappings and button, and tucked seams extended to hem. Smartly tailored collar and revers. Sizes: 34, 36 and 38 in. busts; 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. lengths at back. Price only

**13/11**

Post Paid.

*Splendid value.*

**1782**—Popular and attractive Scarf in Black Coney Fur with 4-skin effect. In rich Brown Shadings and lined with Silk to tone.

Price only **12/11** Post Paid.

**FREE!** Send to-day for John Noble's Autumn Fashion Catalogue—Free on receipt of a postcard.

**JOHN NOBLE LTD.**

(Dept. 55), Brook Street, MANCHESTER.



# Don't Wear a Truss!

*After 30 years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that relieves Rupture.*

## Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Relief, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

**Free Information Coupon.**

BROOKS APPLIANCE Co. Ltd.
(468J), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(468J), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Relief of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

Please write plainly .....

"NONE of the stinging pain with Germolene that I had been having with the other so-called remedies . . . ." Mrs. Perry is quite right. *Anti*septic ointments, if strong enough to kill the germs, usually burn or corrode the wounded skin tissues. Germolene does not smart, because it's *aseptic*—that is—it *isolates* the germs. All big hospitals use aseptic methods nowadays. Mrs. Perry found Germolene cheapest in the end, the other remedies let her down—insist on having Germolene.

## No Stinging Pain

*Last year an ulcer broke out on my ankle. The pain at times nearly drove me mad. I tried several ointments and things, but got no better, only worse. I suffered weeks with no benefit for money spent. I then tried Germolene. None of the stinging pain with Germolene that I had been having with the other so-called remedies. I have wished many times I had tried it first. My ankle has been healed some time now.* —*Mrs. Alice Perry, 96, Bran Street, Walsall.*

Germolene is really wonderful for *all* skin troubles. It is *aseptic*—germproof—non-smarting; it leaves no scars. Always keep a tin handy for accidents.

*Germolene is the most effective treatment for—*

**Eczema**
Infectious rashes, sores and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

**Ulcers**
abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

**Bad Leg**
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad legs. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

**Rashes**
and impetigo — every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

**Scalds**
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

**Cuts**
Safety first—apply Germolene. Many lives have come to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

**GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP.**
Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene
ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING
Get your tin TO-DAY!



*Another Great Offer by* BIG VALUE BLANFORD'S

# BOYS' RUGBY SUITS

*for* **1/-** DOWN

**I AM A FAMILY MAN AND KNOW WHAT BOYS WANT.**

This week I am offering a really marvellous line of Boys' Single or Double-breasted Rugby Suits, made of best quality Tweeds, in light and Dark Greys and Browns. Good ample cut, fine fit, seams double stitched. These suits will look well, wear well and last well. To fit boys ages 7 to 14 Price 23/6.

I want you to allow me to send one along to you on 7 days' approval. Send 1/- (no further payment until you have had the suit one month) and agree to pay me 4/- per month. Also state age of boy and colour required, also full postal address.

*Hundreds of letters received from satisfied customers. Many write to say they had no idea they could get such good value for credit.*

PRICE **23/6**

John Blanford

DEPT. J.B. Y 119-123, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C. 1


## £550 Awarded in "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 27.

Correct solutions in Crossword Competition No. 27 were received from the following two competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be dispatched:—

Mr. W. M. Mowatt, 10, Cadzow Place, Edinburgh.
Miss E. Watts, 6, Wesley Terrace, Triuant, Nr. Crumlin, Newport, Mon.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 16 competitors, who share Second Prize of £50, each receiving £3 2s 6d.:—

Burnham, F. E., 7, Kings Farm Avenue, Richmond, Surrey.
Clarke, H. G., 44, Bridge Street, Bungay, Suffolk.
Coles, J., 24, Carmel Street, Belfast.
Fudge, E., Fiddleford, Blandford, Dorset.
Harris, Mrs. A., "Edlu," Woodley Road, Woodley, Nr. Reading.
Hesketh, W., 25, Bolt Street, Oswestry.
Howarth, J., 13, Ratcliffe Street, Leven-bulme, Manchester.
Hussey, S., 50, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Kitching, W., 28A, High Street, Wombwell.
Miles, T., 13, Fair Mount, Garn-yr-erw, Blaenavon.
Mills, Sigm. E., R. Signals, 19, Northway Rd., Camberwell, S.E.5.
Moore, Miss S., c/o Kilvington, Eamont Gardens, W. Hartlepool.
Roberts, J. A., Waterloo House, Penygroes, North Wales
Rutledge, Miss E., 68, Lovaine Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Wetherly, F. L., 28, Cromwell Road, South Whitstable.
Wootton, F., 31, Bedford Grove, Eastbourne.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32. TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!


# YOURS WITH ANY RECORDS

For **1/9** WEEKLY

WRITE FOR LISTS

Before buying a Gramophone anywhere at any price, write for a copy of my Free Lists. Any Horn or Hornless model and Records sent on 14 Days' Free Approval, Carriage Paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Send a postcard to-day.



Edwd. O'Brien

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, Dept. 34 COVENTRY

# Go in now for John Bull's £500 must-be-won X-Word

*An extra £50 for runners up!*

TAKE a deep breath and see if you can't fish up the £500 that's waiting to be won this week. The water's lovely, and there's an equal opportunity for all. Think what a splash you could make if you came to the surface with JOHN BULL's £500 Square and Fair Crossword Cash Prize!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 30, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), September 19th.

*Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, SEPT. 26th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURS., OCT. 3rd.*

**Closing Date.**

*THURSDAY (noon), Sept. 19th. Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 27 appears on page 31.*

***Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully:***

1. Fill in puzzle in the next column IN INK, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 39), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comps.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, Sept. 19th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and crossed —/& Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull," on sale **Thursday, October 3rd.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, October 8th,** after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

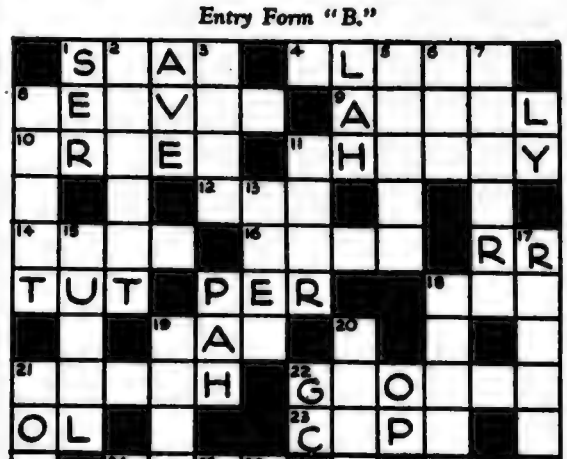
## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 30

*Entry Form "A:"*

30 JB.

*Do not separate these forms.*

*Entry Form "B."*



30 JB.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

**In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....**

**These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order to SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.**

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**Closing Date Thursday (noon) Sept. 19th.**

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

### Clues Across.

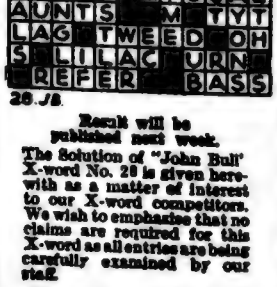
1. To tox.
4. A c'uster.
8. Waited upon.
9. To anoint with oil.
10. Tested.
11. To neigh.
12. Bishop's seat.
14. Christmas.
16. Cautious.
18. Grain.
19. Human organ.
21. To attain.
22. To crawl in fear.
23. A garment.
24. Small lake.
27. Loose.
29. Afternoon meal.
30. Summarily punished.
31. A fissure.
32. Demolished.

### Clues Down.

2. Shrub used for hedges.
3. Revolutionaries.
5. Make one.
6. Adult males.
7. Food store.
8. To restrain.
11. A dam across a river.
13. A pitcher.
15. Kind of thrush.
17. Backward movement.
18. To carouse.
19. Reverberated sound.
20. Merchant.
21. Base.
25. Not on.
26. Illuminated.
28. Monkey.

*Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.*

### Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 28.



28 JB.

**Result will be published next week.**

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 28 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

# HER COURAGE is NOT BROKEN

ETHEL was the last of six children to be given into the care of the Guardians by her parents. Her mother is a desolate, heart-broken woman, who has borne grief after grief, and her outlook is bleak and hopeless.

About three years ago the family were turned out of the buildings where they lived because they could not pay their rent. The five children were sent by the guardians to a home.

*Help her mother*

The father and mother with Ethel, then an infant, walked the streets all that night.

The breaking up of the home following a year's unemployment was too much for Ethel's crippled father, who had never quite recovered from the effects of a severe air raid.

With the loss of the home he had tried so hard to keep together, he collapsed with "sleepy sickness," and was removed to hospital. He is now in an infirmary. There is no hope of his recovery, and his life is a misery.

His wife went into service, taking her baby with her, until Ethel was ten months old, when she had to give up through illness and put the child into Paddington Infirmary.

Bereft of husband and children, she has struggled on. She is now suffering from Graves disease, and is waiting for an operation.

When she comes out of hospital she is confident of earning 25s. a week working in a restaurant. Meantime she has nothing.

Among other griefs she has endured have been the death of a child and a bad operation in hospital. She is pitifully emaciated in appearance.

So we ask our readers to help Ethel's mother and many other stricken folk who turn to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund for assistance, confident they will hear our cry.

## "The Greatest of These—"

***Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.***

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

T. L. Skinner (Reading), £1 16s. 6d.; J. Sanders (Knutton), 5s.; Mrs. J. Beetson, 2s.; A. M., 1s.; In Memory of Daddy, 2s.; A. Y. T. R. (Kent), £1; Lillian (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; More from Wareham, 5s.; Ilia (Shortland), 5s.; Sympathiser (Exeter), 3s. 6d.; Old Navy R. R., 2s.; A. W. C. E. (thank offering), 10s.; Anon, 2s.; E. Burrow (Halton), 2s.; A. E. Williams (Bexley Heath), 2s. 6d.; J. Robson (Willington Quay), 2s. 6d.; H. Wiles, 1s.; Anon, 6d.; C. R. Elrick, 2s.; E. J. Caswell, 6d.; Wm. Irons, 6d.; A. Woods, 1s.; E. Bamford, 2s.; J. Miller, 1s.; Ucalite, 1s. 6d.; A. K. F. A., 6d.; A. Cobble, 6d.; Mrs. Mulholland, 2s.; Girl of Seventeen, 1s.; Thank Offering, 5s.; Anon., 2s.; Blackpool, 2s.; In Memory W. J. and A., 2s.; Harry (Colwyn Bay), 5s.; Anon., 6s.; F. W. Edmed (Westgate-on-Sea), £1; A. Rosman (Llanelly), 1s.; The Principal (Regent School of Languages), 10s.; Curly (Neath), 10s.; Anon. (Woolwich), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; E. P., 10s.; Anon. (Woolwich), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; E. and F., 5s.; J. G. Greenwood, 2s. 6d.; Mary Wynne (Brighton), 2s.; Anon. (Manchester), 3s.; You Never Know (Dovercourt), 2s. 6d.; G. W. (Markinch), 5s.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s. 6d.; W. E. Brookfield, 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Wednesbury), 1s.; Anon. (Hockley), 1s.; Anon. (Ipswich), 10s.; H. T. (Hockley), 2s. 5d.; E. Rogers (Horbury Bridge), 5s.; Dan, 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; One Who Knows (No. 17, Leyton), 1s.; R. K. 2, 6d.; Mr. F. W. Ford, 1s.; E. W. Blackburn (Great Ayton), 10s.; Grace Jones, 10s.; Old Braggs, 5s.; R. H. T. (Southampton), 10s.; Small Amount, 5s.; W. J. and A., 2s.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; Chadwell, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Bradshaw, 5s.; L. V., 1s.; L. A. Duxbury, 6s.; Anon. (Putney), 2s.; Anon., 3s.; Heather Hills, 1s.; D., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. T. (Plymouth Grove M/r), 5s.; Sympathiser in Assynt, 5s.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; Anon. (Preston), 6d.; Mrs. F. E. McGrorie, 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Bob (J. E.), 1s.; A. Young, 6d.; W. L. H., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. A. A. Wain, £1; S. Sutcliffe, 1s.; One in Sympathy (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; ?, 1s. 5d.; R. E. 2s. 6d.; Forget-me-not, 2s. 6d.; Lorna (Manchester), 2s. 9d.; T. Hetherington, 6d.

*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)*

# Write to "John Bull" about it!

*K. S. (Luton).—"I read that to form a pound of honey, a bee must visit 60,000 flowers. How did scientists find that out?" One of them must have followed a bee and kept count*

# THE EDITOR REPLIES

**THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.**

L. P. (Hendon).—"I won through by ing my head." A hollow victory.

S. J. (Bedford).—"I go as I please." d no doubt you please when you go.

C. J. (Keighley).—"How many seasons we get nowadays?" Just the two—icket and football.

H. K. (Lincoln).—"Something must be ne to prevent overcrowding." Surely is can be left to the motorists.

K. F. (Goole).—"I never take off my t to anybody." Then how do you get ur hair cut?

O. H. (Ilford).—"My wife can talk for ours on any subject." Most women n't need any subject.

N. P. (Luton).—"Our brass band is e finest in the country." You perm on the trumpet, we suppose.

D. T. (Truro).—"I got a pair of boots st week for a mere song." Who threw em?

L. P. (Hitchin).—"How can I learn to a farmer?" Start with a small rumble and work your way up.

W. P. (Bude).—"There is still a rious shortage of water." Not in some the whisky for sale.

H. J. L. (Grays).—"Not one English oman in ten can pass a beauty test." or a beauty shop.

HUNTSMAN (Chingford).—"I have just cught a new horse, but don't like the ok of its head." You'll soon get over it.

J. N. (Bath).—"A wife's job is to sten." There must be thousands of ives out of work, then.

S. A. (Dulwich).—"Do you know anyling about income-tax returns?" Yes, doesn't.

D. S. (Oxford).—"I have always found at English telephones are the best." ots of people swear by them.

H. R. (Kensington).—"How much does cost to clear the litter in our parks?" tidy penny.

O. M. (Minehead).—"In the future ags are to be shot instead of knifed." ey will be pleased to hear that.

Miss P. (Liverpool).—"A little powder a business asset." Especially for the emists.

H. C. (Brighton).—"Civilisation took en out of the caves." And now it ives them into the Underground.

V. G. (Huddersfield).—"My former sband was best man when I married in." Surely he would have been more mpetent to give you away.

G. P. (Queenhithe).—"Clothes will rn any woman's head." Especially if ey're smart ones worn by another oman.

A. M. (Southsea).—"My landlady told e it was a feather bed, but I found it ry hard." Perhaps you weren't lying the feather.

M. L. (Arbroath).—"A goat can stop eathing for as long as three minutes." we had a face like a goat we'd stop eathing altogether.

T. R. (Evesham).—"I thought he ouldn't trouble to see me off at the ation, but he did." It may have been pleasure.

B. S. P. (Hove).—"Where is the spirit of modern youth?" In petrol tins.

B. S. (Aberystwyth).—"Because I save money in these times it doesn't mean I am a miser." No—you're a marvel.

A. K. (Taunton).—"It takes me a long time to make up my mind." That's the worst of being so short of material.

T. J. (Truro).—"I owe it to my schoolmaster that I am what I am to-day." Well, forgive and forget.

W. R. Egham).—"I'm too poor to marry, but I'm head over heels in love." Then hurry up and get on your feet.

I. S. (York).—"Violins have souls." Some of them sound like lost souls.

S. F. (Windsor).—"A woman needs someone to share her troubles." And her secrets.

P. U. (Sandgate).—"How many people work in Government offices?" About half of them.

G. W. (Richmond).—"The Thames is now full of water again." Write us again when it's full of beer.

V. Y. (Rochdale).—"I enclosed a story to make you laugh." You did, but it didn't.

V. J. (St. Andrews).—"The Romans played a game something like golf." So do some alleged golfers to-day.

H. D. (Uxbridge).—"Every musical composition has a motive." Even if it's only spite.

W. R. (Rotherham).—"My job is selling Government surplus stocks." No wonder you're down in the dumps.

M. W. (Cardiff).—"The English spoken in some theatres is deplorable." Do you prefer the Scotch at the bar?

S. L. (Sutton).—"The first time I played golf I dislocated my shoulder." Were you trying to describe the length of your drive?

C. A. (Louth).—"The dancers talked and shouted so loudly that I couldn't hear the jazz band." Then we don't see what you have to complain about.

A. F. (Westgate).—"Some African tribes make a charge of two cows and a goat for a wife." So there are profiteers even among savages.

P. T. L. (Goole).—"Women are the salt of the earth." Well, they have certainly been known to drive a man to drink.

A. McC. (Aberdeen).—"It's as nice to sit in our garden as to be on the front at the seaside." And you don't have to walk away when you see the man coming to collect the money for your chair.

S. D. (Dalston).—"I hope that the next General Election will not be put off too long." It couldn't be.

V. L. (Cheam).—"The cost of living is still too high." In some cases it ought to be made prohibitive.

J. K. (Newbury).—"I can't make anything of my wireless set." Not even firewood?

P. D. (Frome).—"Dentists are tiresome people." They do get on one's nerves sometimes.

G. K. T. (Henley).—"The modern girl is always on the go." She's constantly at it, day in and night out.

M. S. (Harrow).—"My son has got my brains." Well, don't discourage the lad by telling him so.

J. McC. (Notting Hill).—"Do you know what has brought me to London?" An excursion train?

S. P. (Truro).—"A woman is always happy before a glass." And a man is happy after one or two.

R. G. (Wanstead).—"Extreme latitude is now allowed in women's skirts." But we don't notice much longitude.

K. S. (Bedford).—"Do you believe in dreams?" Only those that work in our office.

Mr. V. (Wyvenhoe).—"My wife has just bought me a little plot of land." At which cemetery?

Mr. J. (Heckmondwike).—"I'd let my car go for twenty pounds." Because it won't go for anything?

L. M. (Port Erin).—"I see that a racehorse has been named Wireless Talk." It will probably be disqualified for boring.

T. N. (Watford).—"A boy's best friend is his mother." And nowadays if he comes home late enough he may find her there.

Mrs. Y. (Radstock).—"When children cry it's generally a sign that they want something." Or that they have just had it.

Miss G. N. (Nottingham).—"Vanity is my worse sin. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty." That's not vanity—it's imagination.

G. M. A. (Leeds).—"I've been unemployed for the last two years, so I'm going to work in Canada." Employ your brain for half-an-hour, turn out a 2,000 Guinea "Bullet," and you can have a holiday in Canada.

S. J. (Portsmouth).—"All Parties in Parliament say they have peace within themselves." But factions speak louder than words.

B. D. (Morden).—"My doctor says that the dark patches under my eyes may be due to faulty teeth." Or is it faulty alibis to your wife?

E. W. (Clerkenwell).—"Though my ancestors were in the peerage, I now find myself obliged to live in a small basement flat." Don't let your descent worry you.

O. B. E. (Leigh).—"When my aunt died and left us £2,000 we went into mourning." *And* a bigger house?

GRANDFATHER (Frodsham).—"Woman's charm is not what it used to be." But her age often is.

O. G. O. (Bath).—"My husband does everything I tell him." But does he tell you everything he does?

O. K. (Burton).—"There is nothing like a gargle for a sore throat." Or a dry one.

POPPY (Pegwell Bay).—"I can change a tyre as quick as any man." Well, look at the practice a girl gets changing attire.

W. E. (Putney).—"Three months ago my wife left me without reason." We felt sure that some one had left you without it.

H. E. (Chiswick).—"Most plays produced in London on Sunday evenings are rubbish." Also Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday productions.

J. G. (Poplar).—"During my wife's holiday I have sent her a letter from the office every day." She'd prefer a note from the bank.

F. N. (Grimsby).—"Solo-singing by young girls is a severe strain on the nervous system." We have often found it so.

B. S. (Hounslow).—"The motor industry concerns every one of us." Yes, if a man doesn't get a car, a car gets him.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

## Side Slips

*Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slip."*

WEEKLY RECORD: — "My father tried to train me to be a RABBIT."

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS:—"He had £12 17s. 5d. in NOTES."

SCHOOLBOY'S OWN LIBRARY:—"Their SMILE could be HEARD half-way across the quadrangle."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"One of the most luxurious shoots in ENGLAND is that of Affaric, in the HIGHLANDS."

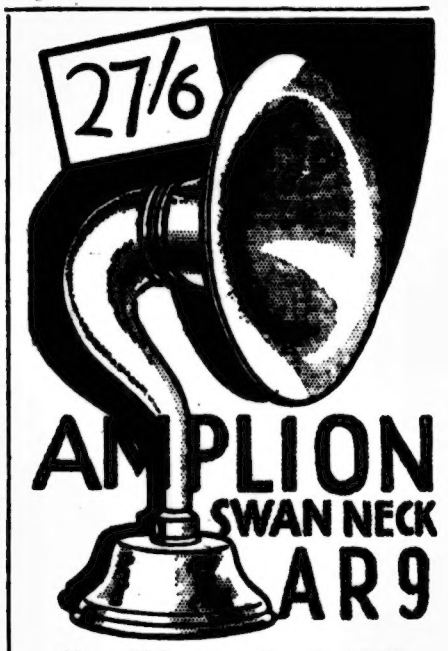
SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"The GOAT had broken BOTH HER LEGS."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The wife of Signor Mussolini . . . gave birth to a baby girl. . . . SIGNOR MUSSOLINI and the child are doing well."

SUNDAY MAIL:—"Juanita's EYES were on the FLOOR, but she looked at each man calmly."

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH:—"Many housewives prefer all their FRUIT to be bottled, and, therefore, TONGUES AND VARIOUS BRAWNS, etc., put into glasses . . . have a large sale."

EVE'S OWN:—"They went out into the SPRING sunshine. It was . . . not too warm for AUGUST."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**1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES**


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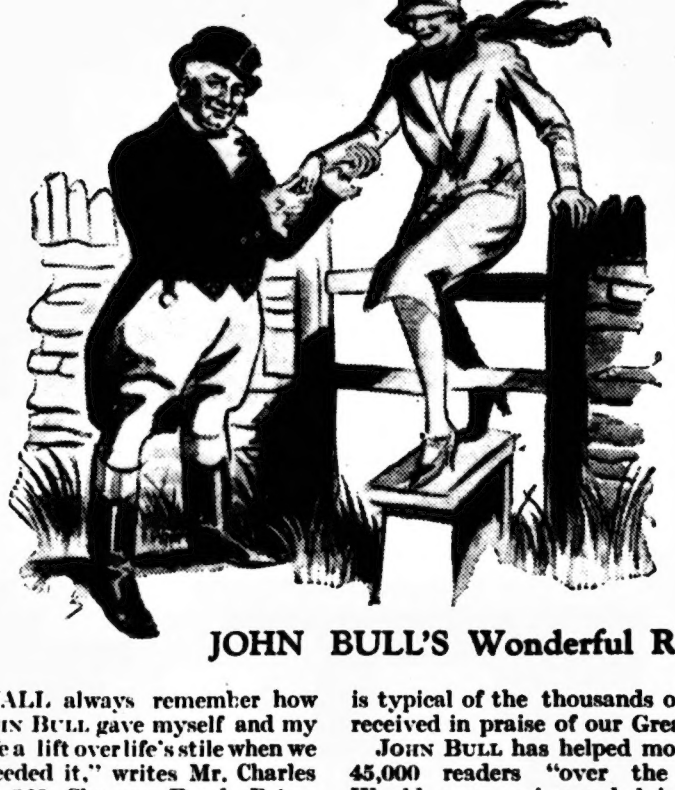

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*Owing to lack of space we give the names of a few only who benefit this week.*

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GLASGOW, C5.—Mr. John Short, 11, Oatlands Square.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. Stewart, 35 Cambuslang Rd., Rutherglen.
HASTINGS.—Mrs. D. M. Barton, 48, Tackleway.
LEYTON, E.10.—Mrs. E. F. Twomey, 25, Sophia Road.
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SHEFFIELD.—Mr. A. Kniveton, 173, Douglas Road, Neepsend.
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### Sickness
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CREWE.—Mr. Joe Bennett, 36, Glover Street.
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GATESHEAD.—Miss I. Robson, 138, Marian St., Bank St.
NR. HIGH WYCOMBE.—Mrs. M. Coleman, High St., Lane End.
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NR. SALISBURY, WILTS.—Mrs. F. Witt, Salterton.
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CLAYTON, NR. BRADFORD.—Mrs. M. Walton, 17, Nursery Rd.
EVERTON.—Mrs. Ethel McGovern, 29, Exley Street.
GRAYS, ESSEX.—Mrs. A. E. Beeston, 25, Arthur Street.
HULL.—Mr. J. R. Wilson, 138, Waterloo Street.
HULL.—Mrs. A. Locking, 6, Thornton St., Postengate.
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KIDDERMINSTER, WORCS.—Mrs. R. Frost, 34, Front Queen Street.
LONDON, PLAISTOW, E.16.—Mrs. M. Tappenden, 23, Chargeable Street.
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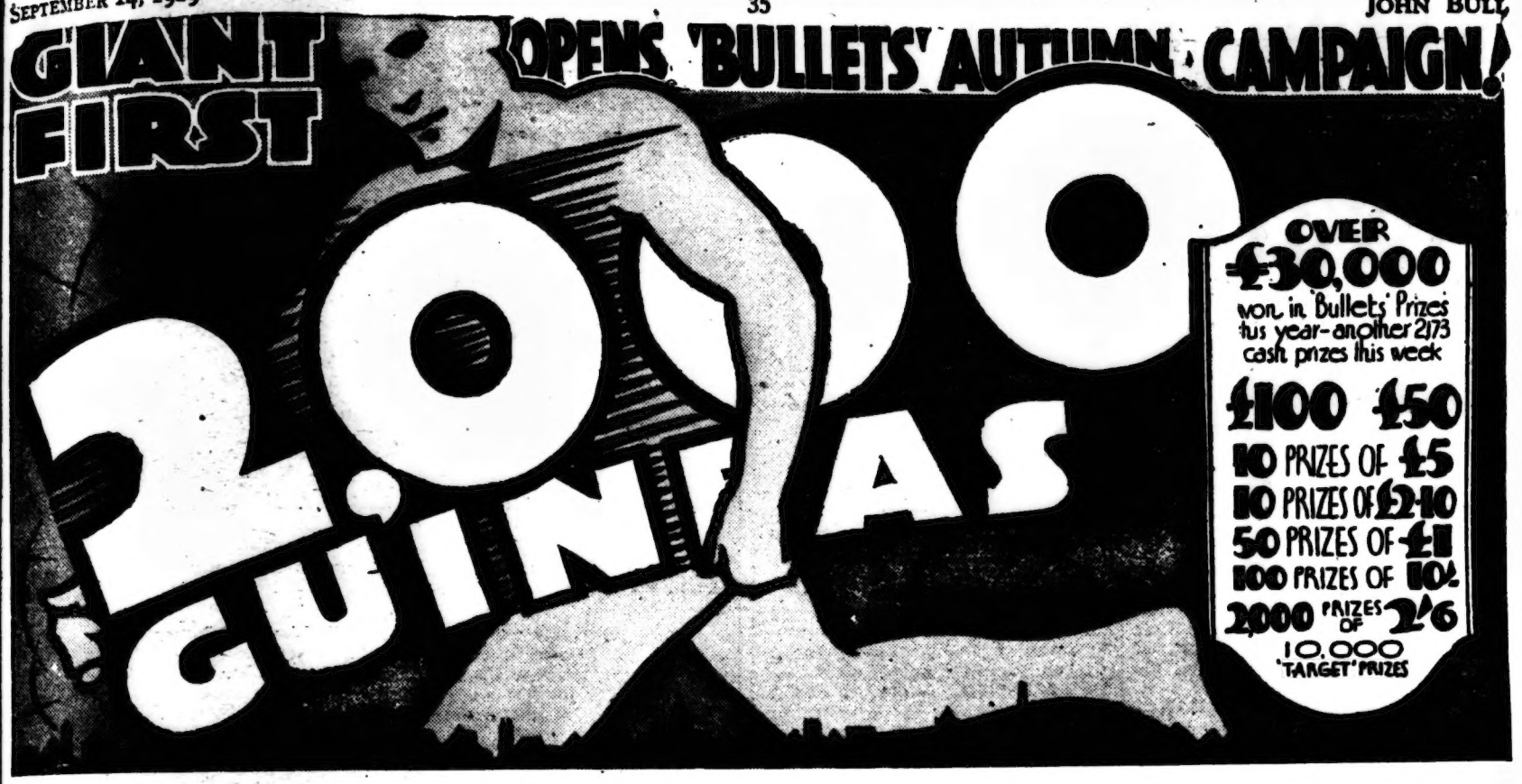



## YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY

TIME, they say, is money. Well, this next week may mean 2,000 Guineas to you if you grasp time by the forelock and enter for *Bullets* now. Only one week more and your opportunity of enriching yourself with this Giant First will be gone. Saturday, Sept. 21st, is the last day for entries in this opening offer of *Bullets* big Autumn Campaign.

You merely have to select one of the *Examples* given on this page and then add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

As a specimen, suppose you were to choose the *Example* STORMY SEA and add the words YET INDUSTRY'S "CAPTAINS" DOZING, that would form a complete *Bullet*.

### Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 730.

IBERTY'S BANNER
KEEPING HOUSE
EVERY CHILD
WAY SHE TALKS
STRIKING EVIDENCE
KING OF TO-DAY
ACCORDING TO THE PICTURES
OLD ACQUAINTANCE
STORMY SEA
SURPRISE FOR THE CONFERENCE
A DEATH WARRANT
WHEN LAURELS FADE
TRADE
HOME IS A CASTLE
MINER'S JOB
ARMS
SNEERED AT
IN THE DESERT
A SLACKER
TANGLED SKEIN
WHAT WE'RE HUNTING FOR
WOOING FAME
A FIRM HAND
TAKE MY ADVICE AND
HAPPY WOMAN
GETTING IN
NEARER
MESSAGE OF HOPE
CAN'T STOP
BY ARBITRATION
CONSCIENTIOUSLY
IN CASH
POOR BUT HAPPY
HARDENED CRIMINAL
FIGHTING THE WORLD
SEEING THE RED LIGHT
A SWOLLEN HEAD
DEEDS NOT WORDS
JUGGLING WITH PRICES
"HANDS UP!"

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Sept. 21.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(730) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 730, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 727.

**FIRST PRIZE OF £300:**
**Mr. CYRIL SMITH, Premier Garage, Ilkeston.**
Example:—UPS AND DOWNS
Bullet:—LAUGHED AT—BECOME "RIPPLES."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**SECOND PRIZE OF £50:**
**Mr. J. McNAB, Tweedale Place, Fort William, Inverness-shire.**
Example:—BOND OF SYMPATHY
Bullet:—WOULD COMPLETE PRISONER'S "LIBERATION."

**THIRD PRIZE OF £40:**
**Mr. D. KERR, 438, Camden Road, London, N.**
Example:—A KNOCK-OUT BLOW
Bullet:—SNOWDEN'S "CHIN" GAVE "CLOSE-FISTED."

**OTHER BIG PRIZE-WINNERS:**

£30: Mrs. H. LILLEY, 1, Ponsonby Buildings, Blackfriars, S.E.
NATIONALISATION—HANDS TAXPAYERS INDUSTRY'S "BABY."

£25: W. HUTCHINSON, 50, Alexandra Road, Sunderland.
WITHIN THE EMPIRE—"STIMULANT" WANTED—"SPIRITS" THERE.

£20: T. WINSTANLEY, Daisy Hill, Euxton, Chorley.
THE SOVIET—TRYING TO *Invest* WORLD.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£19: G. JONES, 63, Belsize Avenue, Palmers Green, N.
YOUTH AND BEAUTY—WENT BATHING—ONE SURVIVED.

£18: W. J. EWINS, 8, Waterloo Gardens, Newport, Mon.
TO SUCCEED—"MEET" FAILURE WITHOUT "BOWING."

£17: J. COLLINS, 100, Lowndes Street, Preston.
BOND OF SYMPATHY—BETWEEN MOTORISTS—UNLESS DRIVING.

£16: W. H. KIELY, "Hursley Cottage," Hermitage Road, Woking.
POETIC JUSTICE—GROCER'S SON, "BAD EGG."

£15: F. J. FOYLE, 29, Macklin Road, Salisbury.
BY THE SCORE—"PUTTING IN" LABOUR, JUSTIFIED.

£14: J. PRYCE JONES, 15, Benjamin Road, Wrexham.
WITHIN THE EMPIRE—ONE MIND—OR MIND!

£13: P. J. ANTHONY, 2, The Square, Rhiwbina.
MONEY'S SCARCE, BUT—SNOWDEN'S "SCREW" AMPLY JUSTIFIED.

£12: R. M. ROBERTS, Bryn View, Queen Street, Cefn Mawr.
THE SOVIET—BLACK SHEEP—GOOD "WOOL."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£11: MRS. R. SIMONS, Eeles's Cottage, Burghclere.
DREAM GIRL—AFTERWARDS—"STOP DREAMING, WOMAN!"

**5 Prizes of £10 each:**

MRS. L. E. AUSTEN, 8, Plains of Waterloo, Ramsgate.
WITHIN THE EMPIRE—GOODS—BAD BEING INDIFFERENT.

S. CHESTERMAN, 83, Pyeriot Hall Lane, Cleckheaton.
PRAISE INDEED—ISN'T HE *Unlike* FATHER!

F. DIGNAN, 48, Hulton Street, Salford.
IN THE NICK OF TIME—CHANNEL SWIMMER DISCOVERS STOWAWAY.

C. PARNELL, 12, Upper Mount Street, Dublin.
IN THE NICK OF TIME—"TALKIE" PRODUCER BIT TONGUE.

C. W. SMEE, 84, Elgin Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.
WATER SHORTAGE—BOARD'S REMEDY—CROCODILE TEARS!

*In addition, each winner of the above twenty big prizes also has the choice of a superb expanding suitcase or lady's blouse-case value £3 3s. 0d.*

**"BULLETS" RULES.**

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 300 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope, Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

**The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize winner in "Bullets" No. 726 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Ferguson, 78, High Street, Edinburgh.**

NEXT WEEK'S NOVELTY — MY IDEAL PRIZE-LIST — PLANNED BY A COMPETITOR

# BIG COLONIAL ORDERS FOR Yeast-Vite

## Britain's Lighting Tonic Becomes Empire's Standard Health Remedy

## *'NO CURE—NO PAY'*

## For Dominions Too!

Intense interest has been aroused in the Colonies by the Authenticated Reports of the Astounding Efficacy of "Yeast-Vite" in banishing Ill-Health throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. The fame of these Wonderful "Quick-Tonic" Tablets and their Rapid Pick-me-up Action has spread to all corners of the Empire, and this famous British Lightning Tonic is rapidly becoming the British Empire's Standard Health Remedy!

### CABLES FROM THE COLONIES!

Urgent cables for supplies are constantly reaching the "Yeast-Vite" Laboratories and agencies have been opened in all parts of the Empire. Some of the orders are phenomenal. Indeed, one, which came from South Africa, was so large that it was at first thought that a mistake had been made in transmission, but enquiries revealed the fact that this huge supply was actually needed!

***SOUTH AFRICA where large stocks of "Yeast-Vite" are being kept on hand in readiness for expected outbreak of Influenza.***

***NEW ZEALAND, which holds the World's Record Demand for "Yeast-Vite" per head of population. New Zealanders swear by "Yeast-Vite."***

Wherever "Yeast-Vite" spreads the Proprietors' Famous "No Cure—No Pay" Offer is made, and our Overseas Kindred have already expressed their Admiration at this Transparently Honest and Typically British Fair-and-Square Business Policy!

### GOOD WORK AT HOME CONTINUES

Meanwhile the good work at home continues unabated. Everywhere one can see in thousands and thousands of people Buoyant Energy and Sparkling Vitality where before was Lassitude and Depression—Bright Eyes and Radiant Health where before was the Dull Heaviness of Pain and Overtaxed Nervous and Physical Systems. Scores of thousands of people in all walks of life have written grateful, Unsolicited letters proving the absolute truth of the Yeast-Vite slogan, "Yeast is Life."

### "Yeast-Vite" Conquers

| | |
|---|---|
| NERVE PAINS | – In 5/15 MINS. |
| HEADACHES | – In 5/15 MINS. |
| LASSITUDE | – In 10/20 MINS. |
| DEPRESSION | – In 10/20 MINS. |
| "NERVES" | – In 10/20 MINS. |
| INDIGESTION | – In 15/30 MINS. |
| EXHAUSTION | – In 15/30 MINS. |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | – In 30/60 MINS. |
| RHEUMATISM | – In 24 HOURS |
| CONSTIPATION | – In 36 HOURS |
| IMPURE BLOOD | – In 36 HOURS |
| ANÆMIA | – In 36/48 HOURS |

### THE POWER OF THE VITAMINS

"Yeast-Vite" contains an abundance of Vitamins (especially Vitamin "B") and supplies Vitamin Nutrition for Body, Brain and Nerves—Concentrated Vim for the Weary and Overtaxed, Pain Relief for the Pain-Ridden, Buoyant Health for the Ailing!

***Every "Yeast-Vite" Tablet could be described as a "Spark of Life and Health," for each is an accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae), Vitamins and other Tonic Elements as prescribed by leading Specialists.***

## *NO CURE —NO PAY!*

### £1,000 Guarantee

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets from Any Chemist. Try the Treatment AT OUR RISK, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES OF YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to the address below with Government Stamp attached, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question, under a £1,000 Guarantee!

YOU should accept this Veritable Offer of Health TO-DAY, and so start NOW to the Daily Enjoyment of Better Health and Brighter Spirits than you have ever known before!

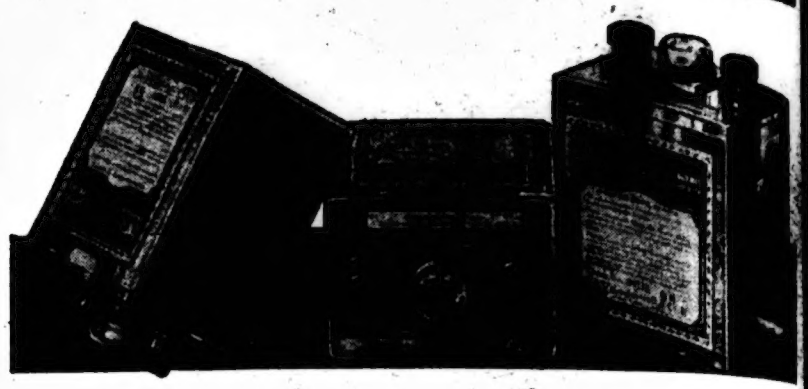
## 'Yeast-Vite' Tonic Tablets

**From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Bottle**

*IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LTD., Medical Yeast Specialists, Watford, Herts.*

# C.A.V.

## ALL POSITION NON-SPILLABLE



## THE PERFECT BATTERY FOR ALL PORTABLES

**It is only natural that the C.A.V. Jelly Acid Battery should have its imitators. It is a compliment that reflects the marvellous success of a battery already standardised in many popular portable sets, and which is invariably recommended in the constructional articles of the Wireless Press.**

**The preparation of the special C.A.V. Jelly Acid, remains the secret of our chemists however, and is not to be found in any other battery. Its use in conjunction with the special container provides a battery which is the lightest and most compact obtainable. It gives maximum capacity in any position, and is absolutely unspillable.**

**It is the battery for *your* portable set.**

*Our latest Radio Battery Catalogue No. 9A will gladly be forwarded on application.*

WE ARE EXHIBITING AT

C.A.V. Sandycroft & Co. Ltd. ACTON, LONDON, W.3

We are introducing this Season an entirely new and original range of H.T. Accumulators. Do not commit yourself until you have inspected them at the Radio Exhibition. We shall be showing a full range of this new H.T., suitable for all classes of Receiver, also the ever popular C.A.V. L.T. types in celluloid and glass. Our Stand No. is 120.

## *The Original Jelly Acid Battery*

# Tea-time temptations for the tuck-box

Not that schoolboy appetites need much tempting—with Sailor Savouries about! Slip a pot or two of these toothsome meat and fish pastes into the boy's tuck-box when he goes back to school. Growing boys need vitamins, and in Sailor Savouries the vitamins are there.

*Angus Watson of "Skippers" fame, Newcastle upon Tyne*

# SAILOR SAVOURIES

*And twelve other tempting Meat and Fish Pastes*

5½d 7½d 9½d

SVR 174-35

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